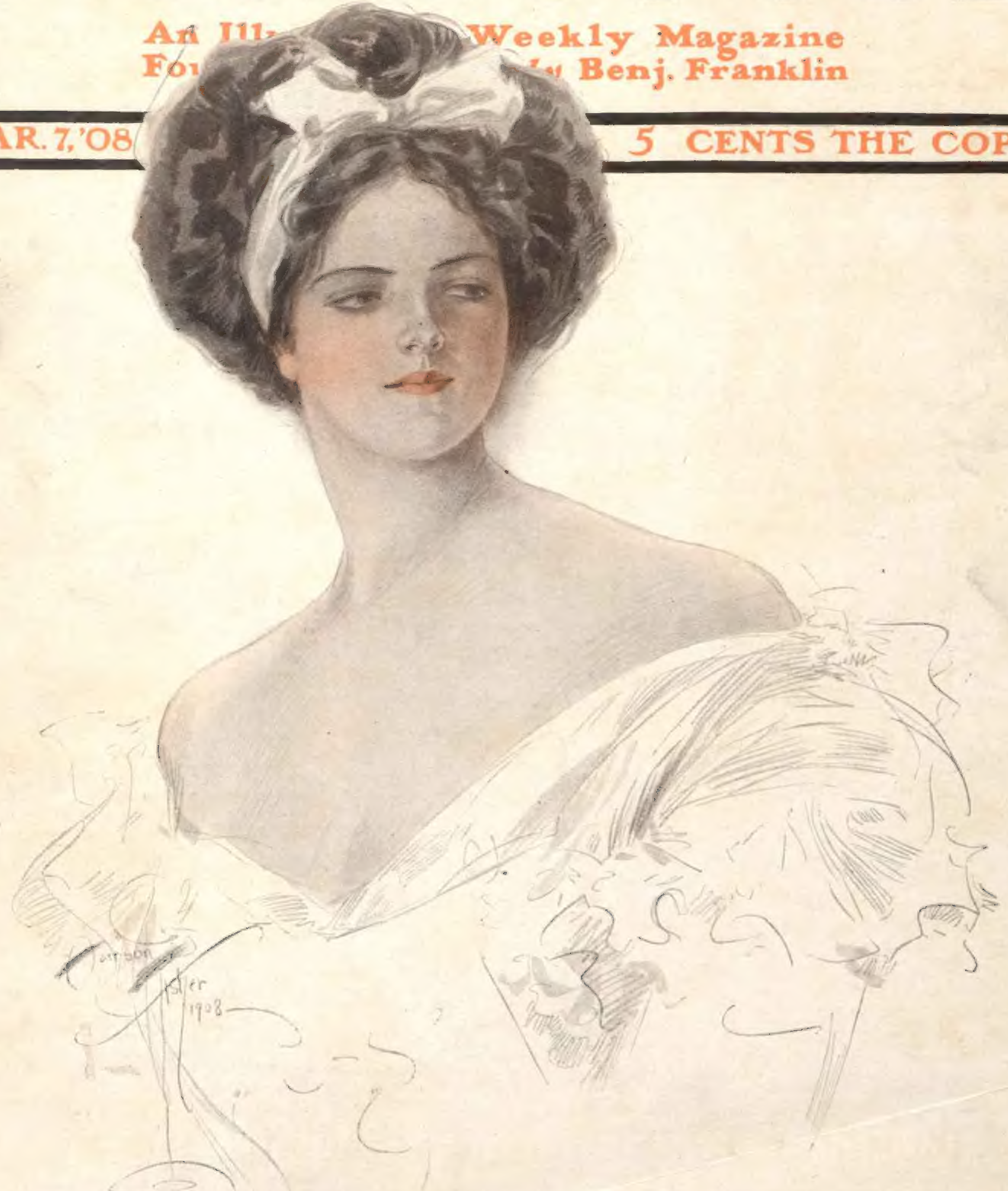
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill Weekly Magazine
Fo Benj. Franklin

MAR. 7, '08 5 CENTS THE COPY


Harrison Fisher
1908

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
But the Grocer has more — Thank Goodness.

Correspondence should be addressed to Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

Your Way

You bake beans in a home oven.

The maximum heat is 200 degrees. In the center of the baking dish, by actual test, it is about 100 degrees.

It requires a fierce heat to break down the fibre of beans, and you cannot supply it.

The result is a heavy food, hard to digest.

You bake beans in a dry heat.

The result is the top beans are crisped. The beans in the center are not even half baked.

You burst the skins, so that the beans become mushy, rather than mealy. Every bean should be whole.

You add the tomato sauce afterwards. It becomes then a dressing, not a part of the beans.

You spend hours in the soaking, the boiling, the baking; and consume considerable fuel.

The bother is irksome. The dish that results is not very good, nor good for you. You think once a week is enough.

Yet it isn't your fault. You simply lack the facilities.

Our Way

We heat our ovens to 245 degrees.

A thermometer is attached to each oven, so the heat never varies. We bake the beans 90 minutes.

That terrific heat separates the atoms, so the digestive juices can get to them. A lesser heat will not do it.

Beans, to be digestible, ***must*** be factory cooked.

We bake in live steam, and bake in the cans.

The result is, each separate bean is baked thoroughly, and all are baked alike. None are browned, none are broken.

The beans are baked until they are mealy. Yet they are nutty because they are whole.

We bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend.

We send our beans to you ready to serve.

Put the can in hot water ten minutes—then open. That's all. You then have a steaming hot meal, fresh and savory.

And such a meal! Your people will want Van Camp's every day when they know them. So keep a dozen cans in the house.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

You don't know what you miss—you who don't use Van Camp's. Beans are Nature's choicest food—23% nitrogenous; 84% nutriment. Like meat in their food value; not like it in cost. They are appetizing and hearty; all people like them. They should be a daily dish—not an occasional. You will eat more of them when you know Van Camp's.

We Pay $3.45

We could buy tomato juice for 75c per barrel. Yet we pay $3.45 for just the ripe tomatoes used in a barrel of ours.

The difference is this: Cheap tomato sauce is made from tomatoes picked green and ripened in shipment. Such sauce is flat.

Else it is made of scraps from a canning factory. Such sauce is not rich.

We use only whole tomatoes ripened on the vines, picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

Thus we supply that superlative zest, that flavor, that tang, which Nature alone can give.

We spend exactly five times as much to make this sauce as other sauce costs ready-made. But you will say the result is worth it.

We Pay $2.10

We could buy beans as low as 30c per bushel, yet we pay $2.10 for ours.

We buy Michigan beans, because a certain soil there produces the best beans grown.

The choicest part of the crop is picked over by hand, so we get only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown.

We use only succulent, corn-fed pork.

No wonder your grocer has brands that cost less, yet pay him a better profit.

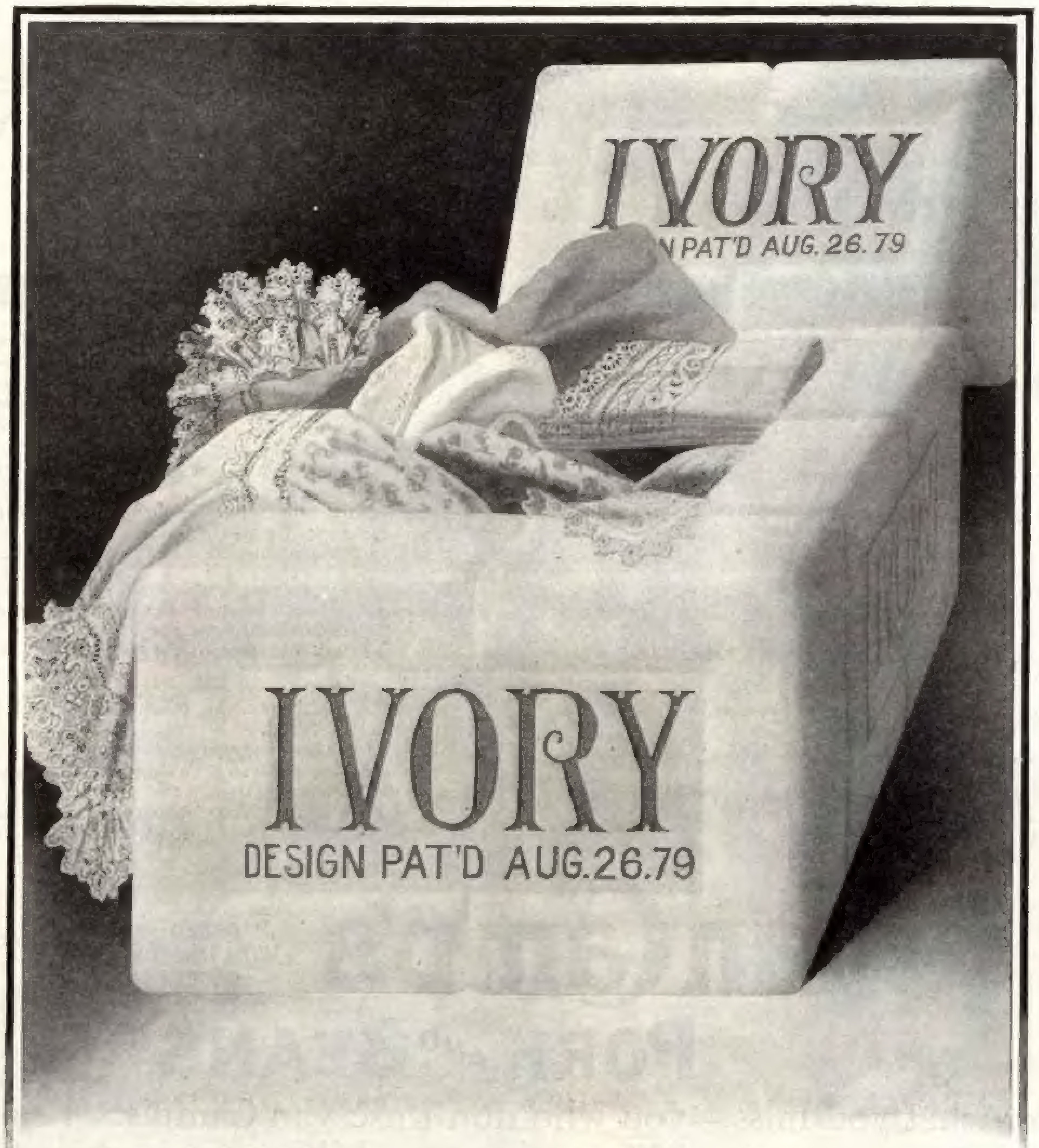
But you won't like the cheap beans. Your people won't eat them often.

It is far more economical to serve the best beans—beans that you can't serve too often. Then serve them in place of meat.

We have spent 47 years in perfecting this dish. And Van Camp's now command, by several times over, the largest sale in the world.

Prices: 10, 15 and 20c per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana.



Ivory Soap—Better Than a Cedar Chest.

Wear your "pretty things"—don't store them away in an air-tight chest, to be looked at and admired, but never used.

Wear them! When they become soiled, wash them with Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap and clean water will remove the evidences of wear—quickly, easily and without injury. Fresh air and sunshine will complete the process of purification

This combination—Ivory Soap, clean water, fresh air and sunshine—cannot be improved upon. It not only makes things "look like new"; to all intents and purposes, *they are new*.

Ivory Soap is an absolutely safe soap—a soap that can be depended upon, at all times and under all conditions. It contains no "free" alkali; no coloring matter; no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is pure soap; and nothing else.

Ivory Soap . . . . . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Copyright, 1908, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. in the United States and Great Britain. Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1908 Number 36

TIMBERLINE

By OWEN WISTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

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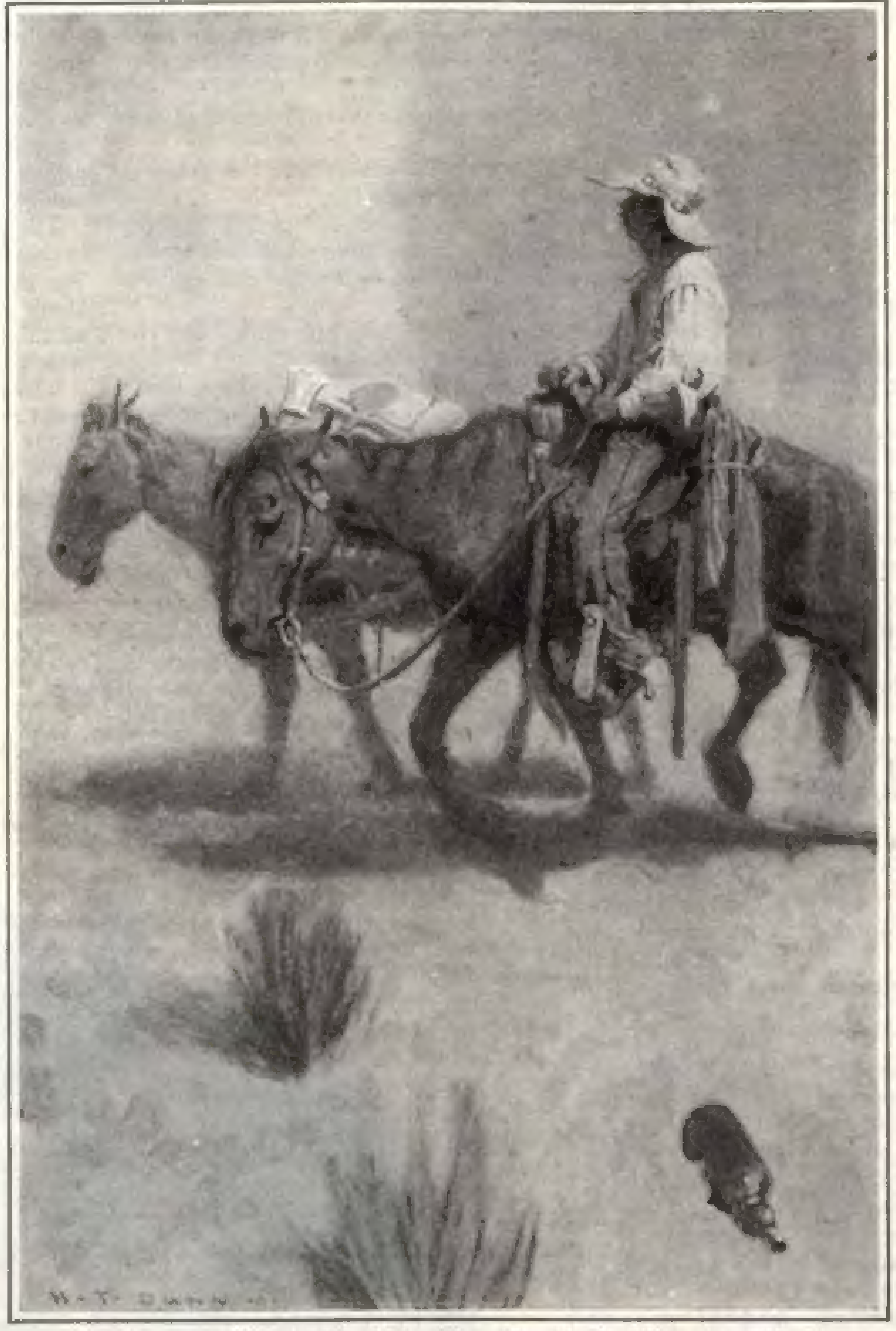


"If that I was Where I Would be, Then Should I be Where I am Not"

JUST as the blaze of the sun seems to cast wild birds, when, by yielding themselves they invite it, into a sort of trance, so that they sit upon the ground tilted sidewise, their heads in the air, their beaks open, their wings hanging slack, their feathers ruffled, and their eyes vacantly fixed, so must the spot of yellow at which I had sat staring steadily and idly have done something like this to me—given me a spell of torpor in which all thoughts and things receded far away from me. It was a yellow poster, still wet from rain.

A terrifying thunderstorm had left all space dumb and bruised, as it were, with the heavy blows of its noise. The damp seemed to make the yellow paper yellower, the black letters blacker. A dollar-sign, figures and zeros, exclamation points, and the two blackest words of all, *reward* and *murder*, were what stood out of the yellow. Two feet from it, on the same shed, was another poster, white, concerning some stallion, his place of residence, and his pedigree. This also I had read, with equal inattention and idleness, but my eyes had been drawn to the yellow spot and held by it.

Not by its news; the news was now old, since at every cabin and station dotted along our lonely road the same poster had appeared. They had discussed it, and whether he would be caught, and how much money he had got from his victim. At Lost Soldier they knew he had got ten thousand dollars, at Bull Spring they knew he had got twenty, at Crook's Gap it was more like twenty-five, while at Sweetwater Bridge he had got nothing at all. What they did agree about was that he would not be caught. Too much start. Body hadn't been found on Owl Creek for a good many weeks. Funny his friend hadn't turned up. If they'd killed him, why wasn't his body on Owl Creek, too? If he'd got away, why didn't he turn up? Such comments, with many more, were they making at Lost Soldier, Bull Spring, Crook's Gap and Sweetwater Bridge, and it was not the news on the poster that drew my eye, but its mere yellow vibrations. These, in some way, caught my brain in a net and held it still, so that thinking stopped and I sat simplified down to just the first principles—heart, lungs, digestion, little more than a vegetable—for I do not know how long. When I was abruptly wakened from this I knew that I had been hearing a song for some time:

"If that I was where I would be,
Then should I be where I am not;
Here am I where I must be,
And where I would be I cannot."

It was the neigh of some horse in the stable, loud and sudden, that had burst the shell of my trance, causing thought to start to life again, as if with a leap; there I sat in the wagon, waiting for Scipio Le Moyne to come out of the house; there in my nostrils was the smell of the wet sage-brush and of the wet straw and manure, and there, against the gray sky, was an after-image of the yellow poster, square, huge and blue. It moved with my eyes as I turned them to get rid of the annoying vision, and it only slowly dissolved away over the head of the figure sitting on the corral with its back to me, the stock-tender of this stage section. He sang his song again, and I found that I now knew it by heart:

"If that I was where I would be,
Then should I be where I am not;
Here am I where I must be,
And where I would be I cannot."

In the mountains, beyond the sage-brush, the thunderstorm was still splitting the cañons open with fierce glares of light; the light seemed close, but it was a long time before its crashes and echoes came to us through the wet air. I could not see the figure's face, or that he moved. One boot was twisted between the bars of the corral to hold him steady, its trodden heel was worn to a slant; from one seat-pocket a soiled rag protruded, and through a hole below this a piece of his red shirt or drawers stuck out. A coat much too large for him hung from his neck rather than from his shoulders, and the damp, limp hat that he wore, with its spotted, unraveled hatband, somehow completed the suggestion that he was not alive at all, but had been tied together and stuffed and set out in joke. Certainly there were no birds, or crops to frighten birds from; the only thing man had sown the desert with at Rongis was empty bottles. These lay everywhere. As he sat and repeated his song beneath the still wrecked and stricken sky, there came from his back and his hat and his voice an impression of loneliness, poignant and helpless. A windmill turned and turned and creaked near the corral, adding its note of forlornness to the song.

A man put his head out of the house. "Stop it," he said, and shut the door again.

The figure obediently climbed down and went over to the windmill, where he took hold of the rope hanging from its rudder and turned the contrivance slowly out of the wind, until the wheel ceased revolving.

The man put his head out of the house, this second time speaking louder: "I didn't say stop that, I said stop it; stop your damned singing." He withdrew his head immediately.

The boy—the mild, new yellow hair on his face was the unshaven growth of adolescence—stood a long while looking at the door in silence, with eyes and mouth expressing futile injury. Finally he thrust his hands into bunchy pockets, and said:

"I ain't no two-bit man."

He watched the door, as if daring it to deny this, then, as nothing happened, he slowly drew his hands from the bunchy pockets, climbed the corral at the spot nearest him, twisted the boot between the bars and sat as before, only without singing.

The light and the thunder were farther away, but around us still, from unseen places, roofs and corners, dropped the leavings of the downpour. We faced each other, saying nothing; we had nothing to say. In the East we would have talked, but here in the Rocky Mountains an admirable habit of silence was generally observed under such conditions.

Thus we sat waiting, I for Scipio to come out of the house with the information he had gone in for, while the boy waited for nothing. *Waiting for nothing* was stamped plain upon him from head to foot, as it is stamped upon certain figures all the world over—figures seated in clubs, standing at corners, leaning against railroad stations and boxes of freight, staring out of windows. Those in the clubs die at last, and it is mentioned; the others, of course, die, too, only it is not mentioned. This boy's eyebrows were insufficient, and his front was as ragged as his back.

Presently the same man put his head out of the door. "You after sheep?"

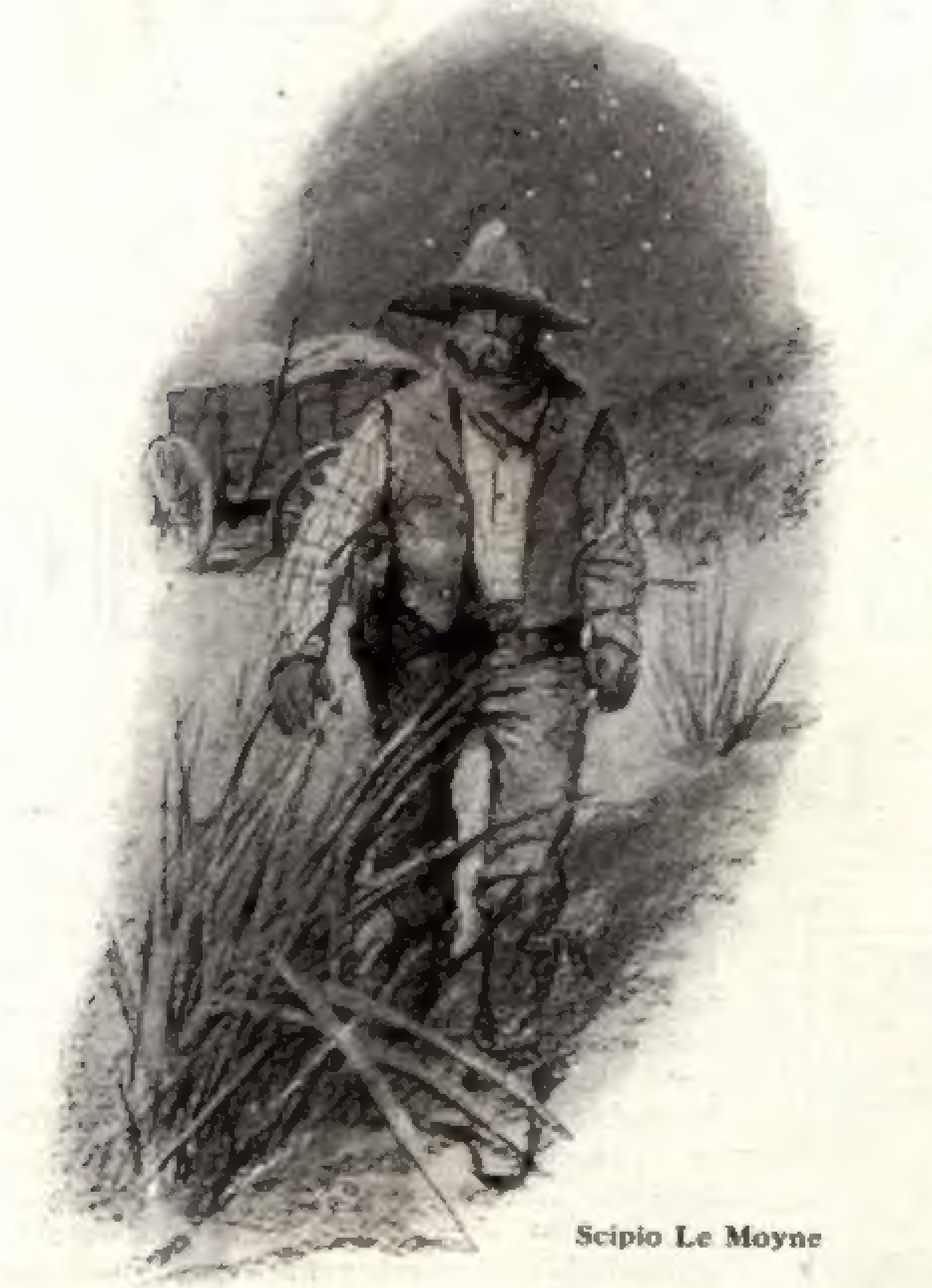
I nodded.

"I could a-showed you sheep. Rams. Horns as big as your thigh—bigger'n *your* thigh. That was before tenderfeet came in and spoiled this country. Counted seven thousand on that there butte one morning before breakfast. Seven thousand and twenty-three, if you want exact figgers. Set on this porch and killed sheep whenever I wanted to. Some of 'em used to come on the roof. Counted eight rams on the roof one morning before breakfast. Quit your staring!" This was addressed to the boy on the corral. "Why, you're not a-going without another?" This convivial question was to Scipio, who now came out of the house and across to me with news of failure.

"I could a-showed you sheep——" resumed the man, but I was now attending to Scipio.

"He don't know anything," said Scipio, "nor any of 'em in there. But we haven't got this country rounded up yet. He's just come out of a week of snake fits, and, by the way it looks, he'll enter on another about to-morrow morning. But drink can't stop *him* lying."

"Bad weather," said the man, watching us make ready to continue our long drive. "Lots o' lightning loose in the air right now. Kind o' weather you're liable to see fire on the horns of the stock some night."



Scipio Le Moyne

This sounded like such a good one that I encouraged him. "We have nothing like that in the East."

"Hm. Guess you've not. Guess you never seen sixteen thousand steers with a light at the end of every horn in the herd."

"Are they going to catch that man?" inquired Scipio, pointing to the yellow poster.

"Catch him? Them? No! But I could tell 'em where he's went. He's went to Idaho."

"Thought the '76 outfit had sold Auctioneer," Scipio continued conversationally.

"That stallion? No! But I could tell 'em they'd ought to." This was his good-by to us; he removed himself and his alcoholic omniscience into the house.

"Wait," I said to Scipio as he got in and took the reins from me. "I'm going to deal some magic to you. Look at that poster. No, not the stallion, the yellow one. Keep looking at it hard." While he obeyed me I made solemn passes with my hands over his head. "Now look anywhere you please."

Scipio looked across the corral at the gray sky. A slight stiffening of his figure ensued, and he knit his brows. Then he rubbed a hand over his eyes and looked again.

"You after sheep?" It was the boy sitting on the corral. We paid him no attention.

"It's about gone," said Scipio, rubbing his eyes again. "Did you do that to me? Of course you didn't! What did?"

I adopted the manner of the professor who lectured on light to me when I was nineteen. "The eye being normal in structure and focus, the color of an after-image of the negative variety is complementary to that of the object causing it. If, for instance, a yellow disk (or lozenge in this case) be attentively observed, the yellow-perceiving elements of the retina become fatigued. Hence, when the mixed rays which constitute white light fall upon that portion of the retina which has thus been fatigued, the rays which produce the sensation of yellow will cause less effect than the other rays for which the eye has not been fatigued. Therefore, white light to an eye fatigued for yellow will appear blue—blue being yellow's complementary color. Shall I go on?"

"Don't y'u!" Scipio begged. "I'd sooner believe y'u done it to me."

"I can show you sheep." It was the boy again. We had not noticed him come from the corral to our wagon, by which he now stood. His eyes were eagerly fixed upon me; as they looked into mine they seemed almost burning with some sort of appeal.

"Hello, Timberline!" said Scipio, not at all unkindly. "Still holding your job here? Well, you better stick to it. You're inclined to drift some."

He touched the horses and we left the boy standing and looking after us, lonely and baffled. But when a joke was born in Scipio it must out:

"Say, Timberline," he called back, "better insure your clothes. Y'u couldn't replace 'em."

"I'm no two-bit man," retorted the boy with anger—that pitiful anger which feels a blow but cannot give one.

We drove away along the lonely stage-road, with the mountains and the dying storm, in which a piece of setting sun would redly show and vanish, making our leftward horizon, and to our right the great undulations of a world so large as to seem the universe itself. The air was wet still, and full of the wet sage-brush smell, and the ground was wet, but it could not be so long in this sandy region. Three hours would see us to the next house, unless we camped short of this upon Broke Axle Creek.

"Why Timberline?" I asked after several miles.

"Well, he came into this country the long, lanky innocent kid like you saw him, and he'd always get too tall in the legs for his latest pair of pants. They'd be half up to his knees. So we called him that. Guess he's most forgot his real name."

"What is his real name?"

"I've quite forgot."

This much talk did for us for two or three miles more.

"Must it be yellow?" Scipio asked then.

"Red'll do it, too," I answered. "Only you see green then, I think. And there are others."

"Hm," observed Scipio. "Most as queer as chemistry. D'y'u know chemistry?"

"Why, what do you know?"

"Just the embalmin' side. Didn't y'u know I assisted an undertaker oncet in Kansas City?"

"What's that?" I interrupted sharply, for it had got dark.

"Does a stray steer scare you like that to-night? Now, that embalmin' trick give me a notion I'll work out some time. What do you miss worst in camp grub?"

"Eggs," said I immediately.

"That's you. Well, I'm going to invent embalmed eggs—somehow."

"Hope you do," said I. "Do you believe I'm going to get sheep this time? It's all I came for."

"You'll get sheep," Scipio declared, "or I'll lose my job at Sunk Creek ranch." Judge Henry had lent him to me for my hunting trip. "Of course I'd not *call* 'em embalmed eggs," he finished.

"Condensed," I suggested. "Like the milk. Do you suppose the man really did go to Idaho?"

"They do go there—and they go everywheres else that's convenient—Canada, San Francisco, some Indian reservation. He'll never get found. I expect like as not he killed the confederate along with the victims—it's claimed there was a cook along, too. He's never showed up. It's a bad proposition to get tangled up with a murderer."

I sat thinking of this and that and the other.

"That was a superior lie about the lights on the steers' horns," I remarked next.

Scipio shoved one hand under his hat and scratched his head. "They say that's so," he said. "I've heard it. Never seen it. But—tell y'u—he ain't got brains enough to invent a thing like that. And he's too conceited to tell another man's lie."

"There's St. Elmo's fire," I pondered. "That's genuine."

Scipio desired to know about this, and I told him of the lights that are seen at the ends of the yards and spars of ships at sea in atmospheric conditions of a certain kind. He let me also tell him of the old Breton sailor belief that these lights are the souls of dead sailor-men come back to pray for the living in peril; but stopped me soon when I attempted to speak of charged thunder clouds, and the positive, and the negative, and conductors, and Leyden jars. "That's a heap worse than the other stuff about yellow and blue," he objected. "Here's Broke Axle. D'y'u say camp here, or make it in to the station?"

"Well, if that filthy woman still keeps the station ——"

"She does. She's a buck-skinned son-of-a-gun. We'll camp here, Professor."

Scipio had first called me by this name before he knew me, in Colonel Cyrus Jones' Eating Palace in Omaha, intending no compliment by the term. Since that day many adventures and sufferings shared together had changed it to a word of familiar regard; he used it sparingly, and as a rule only upon occasions of discomfort or mischance. "You'll get sheep, Professor," he now repeated in a voice of reassurance, and went his way to attend to the horses for the night.

The earth had dried, the plenteous stars were bright in the sky, we needed no tent over us, and merely spread my rubber blanket and the buffalo robes, and so beneath light covers waited for sleep, listening to the gurgle, sluggish and musical, of Broke Axle. Scipio's sleep was superior to mine, coming sooner and burying him deeper from the world of wakefulness. Thus, he did not become aware of a figure sitting by our little fire of embers, whose presence penetrated my thinner sleep until my eyes opened and saw it. Such things give me a shock which, I suppose, must be fear, but it is not at all fear of the mind. I lay still, drawing my gun stealthily into a good position and thinking what were best to do; but he must have heard me.

"Lemme show you sheep."

"What's that?" It was Scipio starting to life and action.

"Don't shoot Timberline," I said. "He's come to show us sheep."

Scipio sat staring stupefied at the figure by the embers, and then he slowly turned his head round to me, and I thought he was going to pour out one of those long corrosive streams of comment that usually burst from him when he was enough surprised. But he was too much surprised. "His name is Henry Hall," he said to me very mildly. "I've just remembered it."

The patient figure by the embers rose. "There's sheep in the Washakie Needles. Lots and lots and lots. I seen 'em myself in the spring. I can take you right to 'em. Don't make me go back and be stock-tender." He recited all this in a sort of rising rhythm until the last sentence, in which the entreaty shook his voice.

"Washakie Needles is the nearest likely place," muttered Scipio.

"If you don't get any you needn't to pay me any," urged the boy; and he stretched out an arm to mark his words and his prayer.

We sat in our beds and he stood waiting by the embers to hear his fate, while nothing made a sound but Broke Axle.

"Why not?" I said. "We were talking of a third man."

"A man," said Scipio. "Yes."

"I can cook, I can pack, I can cook good bread, and I can show you sheep, and if I don't you needn't to pay me a cent," stated the boy.

"He sure means what he says," Scipio commented. "It's your trip."

Thus it was I came to hire Timberline.

Dawn showed him in the same miserable rags he wore on my first sight of him at the corral, and these proved his sole visible property of any kind; he didn't possess a change of anything, he hadn't brought away from Rongis so much as a handkerchief tied up with things inside it; most wonderful of all, he owned not even a horse—and in that country in those days five dollars' worth of horse was within the means of almost anybody.

But he was not unclean, as I had feared. He washed his one set of rags, and his skin-and-bones body, by the light of that first sunrise on Broke Axle, and this proved a habit with him, which made all the more strange his neglect to throw the rags away and wear the new clothes I bought as we passed through Lander, and gave him.

"Timberline," said Scipio the next day, "if Anthony Comstock came up in this country he'd jail you."

"Who's he?" screamed Timberline sharply.

"He lives in Noo York and he's agin the nood. That costume of yours is getting close on to what

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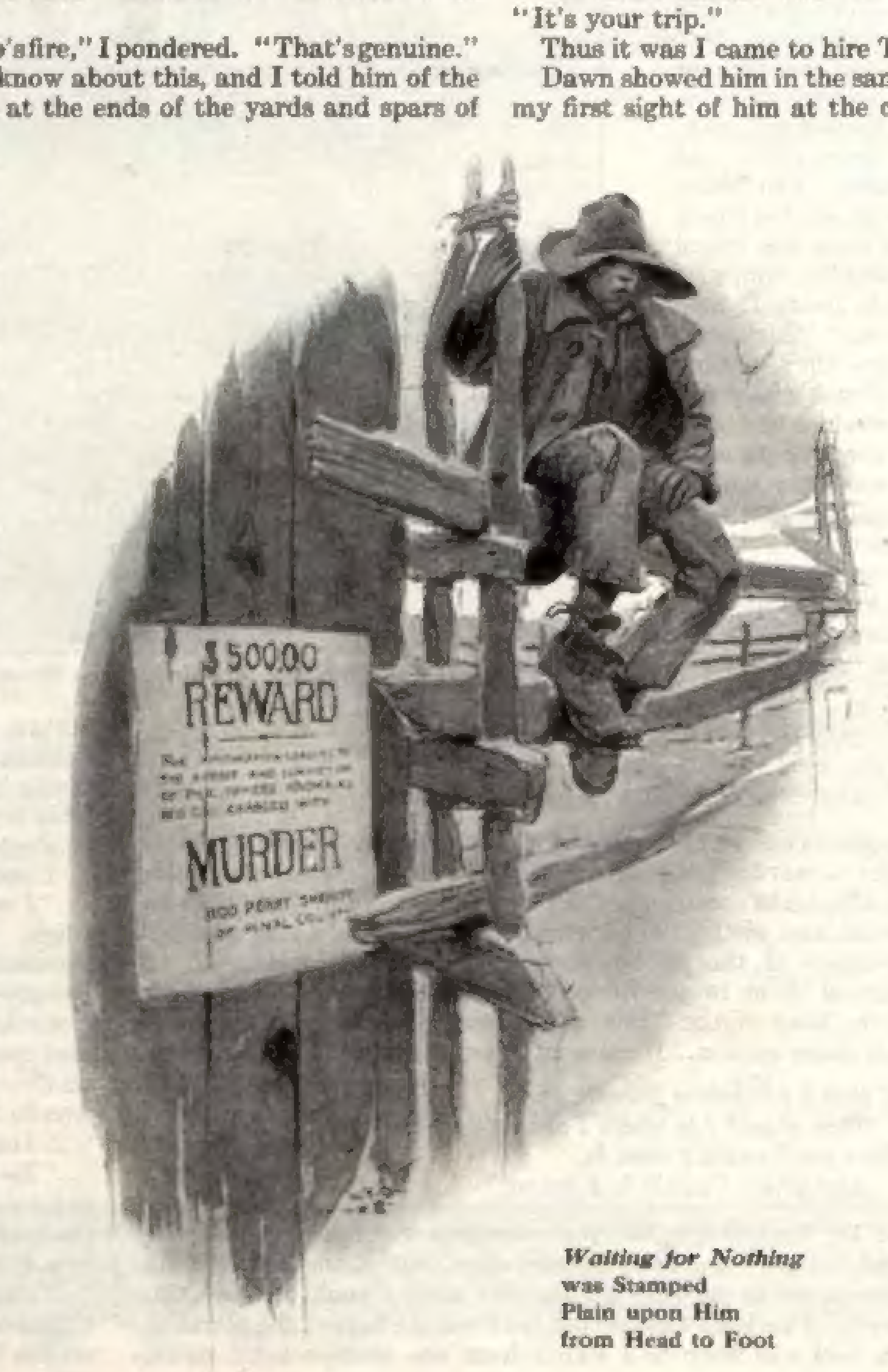


Waiting for Nothing was Stamped Plain upon Him from Head to Foot

TYPHOID FEVER

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

The Story of the Fly that Doesn't Wipe its Feet

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

NOWHERE can the natural history of disease be more clearly seen or more advantageously studied than in the case of typhoid fever.

The cause of typhoid is simplicity itself, merely drinking the excreta of some one else—"eating dirt," in the popular phrase—simple, but of a deadly effectiveness, and disgracefully common. The demon may be exorcised by an incantation of one sentence: *Keep human excreta out of the drinking water.* This sounds simple, but it isn't. Eternal vigilance is the price of health as well as liberty.

We can, however, make our pedigree of typhoid a little more precise. It is not merely dirt of human origin which is injurious, but dirt of a particular type—namely, discharges from a previous case of the disease. Just as in the fight against malaria, we have not the enormous problem of the extermination of all and every variety of mosquito, but only of one particular genus, and only the infected specimens of that, so in typhoid, the contamination of water or food which we have to guard against is that from previous cases. From one point of view, this leaves the problem as wide as ever, for, obviously, the only way to insure against poisoning of water by typhoid discharges is to shut out absolutely all sewage contamination. On the other hand, it is of immense advantage in this regard—it enables us to fight the enemy at both ends of the line—to turn his flank as well as crush his centre.

Locking Out Mosquito Criminals

WHILE we are protecting our water supplies against sewage we can, in the mean time, render that sewage comparatively harmless by thoroughly disinfecting and sterilizing all discharges from every known case of the disease. A similar method is used in the fight against yellow fever and malaria. Not only are the breeding places of the two mosquito criminals broken up, but each known case of the disease is carefully screened, *so as to prevent the insects from becoming infected*, and thus able to transmit the disease to other human victims.

It cannot be too emphatically insisted upon that every case of typhoid, like every case of yellow fever and of malaria, *comes from a previous case*. It is neither healthy nor exhilarating to drink a clear solution of sewage, no matter how dilute; but, as a matter of fact, it is astonishing how long communities may drink sewage-laden water with comparative impunity, so long as the sewage contains no typhoid discharges. One case of typhoid imported into a watershed will set a city in a blaze.

The malevolent *Deus* in the sewage *machina* is, of course, a germ—the *Bacillus typhosus* of Eberth. The astonishing recentness of much of our most important knowledge is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of typhoid. Although there had been vague descriptions of a fatal fever, slow and lingering in its character, and accompanied by prolonged stupor and delirium, which was associated with camps and dirty cities and famines, from as far back as the age of Cæsar, the first description clear enough to be recognizable was that of Willis, of an epidemic during the English civil war in 1643, both Royalist and Roundhead armies being seriously crippled by it. Since that time a smouldering, slowly-spreading fever has been pretty constantly associated with armies in camps, besieged cities, filthy jails and famines, to which accordingly have been given the names, familiar in historical literature, of "famine fever," "jail fever" and "military fever."

So slowly, however, did accurate knowledge come, that it was actually not until 1837 that it was clearly and definitely recognized that this famine fever was like Mrs. Malaprop's *Cerberus*, "Two gentlemen at once"—one form of it being *typhus* or "*spotted fever*," which has now become almost extinct in civilized communities; the other, the milder, but more persistent form, which, like the poor, we have always with us, called, from its resemblance to the former, "typhoid" ("*typhus-like*").

Typhus was a far more virulent, rapid and fatal fever than its twin survivor, though as to the relations between the two diseases, if any, we are quite in the dark, as the former practically disappeared before the days of bacteriology. The fact of its disappearance is both significant and interesting, in that it was unquestionably due to the ranker and viler forms of both municipal and individual filthiness and unsanitariness, which even our moderate progress in civilization has now abolished. There can be no question but that, with a step higher in the scale of cleanliness, and further quickening of the biologic conscience, typhoid will also disappear.

The Age of Perfumes in Place of Baths

TYPHUS, the bubonic plague, the sweating sickness, were alike plagues and products of times when table scraps were thrown on the dining-room floor and covered daily with fresh rushes for a week at a stretch, and fertilizer accumulated in a dining-room as now in a modern stable. Clothing was put on for the season, shirts were unknown, and strong perfumes took the place of a bath. Michelet's famous characterization of the Middle Ages in one phrase as "*Un mille ans sans bain*" ("a thousand years without a bath"), was absolutely just.

Doubtless certain habits of our own to-day will be regarded with equal disgust by our descendants. Typhus, by the way, may possibly be remembered by the dramatic "*Black Assize*" of Oxford, in 1577, in which not merely the wretched prisoners in the jail, but the jurors, the lawyers, the judges and every official of the court were attacked, and many of them died.

It was only in 1856 that the method of transmission of the disease was clearly recognized, and, in 1880, that the bacillus was discovered and identified by the bacteriologist Eberth, whose name it bears, so that it is only within the last thirty years that real weapons have been put into our hands with which to begin a fight of extermination against the disease.

What is the habitat of our organism, and is it increasing its spread? Its habitat is the entire civilized world, and it goes wherever civilization goes. In this sense its spread is increasing, but, in every other, we have good ground for believing that it is on the wane. Positive assurance, either one way or the other, is, of course, impossible, simply for the reason that the disease was not recognized until such a short time ago that no statistics of any real value for comparison are available; and, secondly, because even to-day, on account of its insidious character and the astonishing variety of its forms, and degrees of mildness and virulence, a considerable percentage of cases are yet unrecognized and unreported.

It might be mentioned in passing that this statement applies to the alleged increase of nearly all diseases which are popularly believed to be modern inventions, like appendicitis, insanity and cancer. We have no statistics more than thirty years old which are of the slightest real value for purposes of comparison.

However, when it comes to the number of deaths from the disease there is a striking and gratifying diminution for twenty years past, which is increasing in ratio instead of diminishing. That we are really getting control of typhoid is shown by the, at first sight, singular and decidedly unexpected fact that it is no longer a disease of cities, but of the country. The death rate per thousand living in the cities of the United States is lower than in the rural districts. For instance, the mortality in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore, is two and one-half times as great as that in the city itself. Our period of greatest outbreak in the large cities is now the month of September, when city dwellers have just returned from their vacations in the pure and healthful country, bringing the bacilli in their systems.

The moral is obvious. Great cities are developing some sort of a sanitary conscience. Farmers and country districts have as yet little or none. Bad as our city water often is, and defective as our systems of sewage, they cannot for a moment compare in deadliness with that most unheavenly pair of twins, the shallow well and the vault privy. A more ingenious combination for the dissemination of typhoid than this precious couple could hardly have been devised. The innocent householder sallies forth, and, at an appropriate distance from his cot, he digs two holes, one about thirty feet deep, the other about four. Into the shallower one he throws his excreta, while upon the surface of the ground he flings abroad his household waste from the back stoop. The gentle rain from heaven washes these various products down into the soil and percolates gradually into the deeper hole. When the interesting solution has accumulated to a sufficient depth it is drawn up by the old oaken bucket or modern pump, and drunk. Is it any wonder that in this progressive and highly-civilized country three hundred and fifty thousand cases of typhoid occur every year, with a death penalty of 10 per cent.? Counting half of these as workers, and the period of illness as two months, which would be very moderate estimates, gives a loss of productive working time equivalent to thirty thousand years. Talk of "cheap as dirt"! It is the most expensive thing there is.

Sewage Mightier than the Sword

TYPHOID still abundantly earns its old name of "military fever," and its sinister victories in war are even more renowned than its daily triumphs in peace. Strange as it may seem, the deadliest enemy of the soldier is not bullets, but bacilli, and sewage is mightier than the sword. For instance, in the Franco-Prussian War typhoid alone caused 60 per cent. of all the deaths. In the Boer War it caused nearly six thousand deaths as compared with seventy-five hundred from wounds in battle, while other diseases caused five thousand more. In the majority of even modern campaigns from two-thirds to five-sixths of all deaths are due to disease and not to battle. It may be that we sanitarians will achieve the ends of the peace congresses by an unexpected route, and make war a healthful and comparatively harmless form of national gymnastics. Its battle-mortality rate, for the number engaged, is little above football now!

Given the bacillus, how does it get into the human system? Here the evidence is so abundant and overwhelming that we may content ourselves with bald statements of fact. The three great routes of this pestilence are water, milk and flies. Of the three, the first is far the most common and important. While only a rough statement is possible, probably 85 per cent. of all cases from water, 5 per cent. from milk, 5 per cent. through flies and 5 per cent. through other channels would fairly represent the percentage.

That it is conveyed through water is as certain as that the sun rises and sets. The only embarrassment in proving it lies in selecting from the swarm of instances. There is the classic case of the Swiss villages on opposite sides of the same mountain chain, the second of which drew its water supply from a spring that came through the mountain from a brooklet running by the first village. Typhoid fever broke out in the first village, and, twenty days later, it appeared in the second village, twenty miles away on the other side of the mountain. Colored particles thrown into the brook on one side promptly appeared in the spring upon the other. Then there was the gruesome modern instance of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in 1885. A single case of imported typhoid occurring on the watershed of a reservoir was followed, thirty days later, by an epidemic of eleven hundred cases in a population of eight thousand.

An equally vivid instance came under my own observation. A school and a penitentiary drew their water supply from the same power-flume, carrying a superb volume of purest water from a mountain stream. Early in the autumn a single case of typhoid appeared in a small town near the head of the flume. The discharges were thrown into the swiftly-running water. Two weeks later an epidemic of typhoid broke out in the school, and, three weeks later, in the penitentiary. An unexpected freak, however, was the appearance of fifteen or twenty cases in another State institution farther down on the same stream, which did not draw its water supply from the flume, but from deep wells of tested purity. This was a puzzle, until it was found that, owing to a fall in the wells, the water from the flume had been used for sprinkling and washing purposes in the institution, being allowed to run through the water-pipes only at night, while the well water was used in the daytime. This was enough to contaminate the pipes, and a small epidemic began, which promptly stopped as soon as the cause was suspected and the flume water no longer used.

This last instance is peculiarly interesting, as illustrating how typhoid infection gets into milk, the second—though at long interval—most frequent means of its spread. It does not come from the cow, for, fortunately, none of the domestic animals, with the possible exception of the cat, is subject to typhoid. Nor is it possible that cattle, drinking foul and even infected water, can transmit the bacillus in their milk. That superstition was exploded long ago. Every epidemic of typhoid spread by milk—and there are scores of them now on record—can be traced to the handling of the milk by persons suffering from mild forms of typhoid, or engaged in waiting upon members of the family who are ill of the disease, or the dilution of milk with infected water, or even, almost incredible as it may seem, to such slight contamination as washing the cans with infected water.

The Fly that Never Wipes Its Feet

HEALTH officers now watch like hawks for the appearance of any case of typhoid among or in the families of dairymen. The New York City Board of Health, for instance, requires the weekly filing of a certificate from the family physician of all dairymen that no such cases exist. And the more intelligent dairymen keep a vigilant eye upon any appearance of illness accompanied by fever among their employees, some that I have known even keeping a fever thermometer in the barn for the purpose of testing every suspicious case. How effective such precautions can be made may be illustrated by the fact that, in the past five years, there has not been a single epidemic of typhoid traceable to milk in Greater New York, even with its inadequate corps of ten inspectors, and the six States they have to cover. The moment a single case of typhoid appears, the dairy or milkman supplying that customer is given a most rigid special inspection, and, if any source of infection can be discovered, the milk is shut out of New York City until the Department is satisfied that all danger has been removed. One or two lessons of this sort are enough for a whole county of dairymen. The danger of transmission of typhoid through milk has been enormously exaggerated, and, like all other milk-born diseases, is entirely due to filthy handling, and may be prevented by intelligent sanitary policing. Even with our present exceedingly imperfect systems, probably not more than between 5 and 10 per cent. of typhoid is transmitted in this way; and, if the water supply were kept clean, this would entirely disappear.

Typhoid may not only be transmitted from "the earth beneath" and "the waters under the earth," but also from "the heavens above," through the medium of flies and dust. The first method is bulking larger every day, especially in country districts and in camps. The *modus operandi* is simplicity itself. The fly lives and moves and has its being in dirt. It breeds in dirt and it feeds on food, and, as it never wipes its feet, the interesting results can be imagined. Just to dispel any possible doubt, plates of gelatine have been exposed where flies could walk on them, then placed in an incubator, and within forty-eight hours there was a clearly-recorded track of the footprints of the flies written in clumps of bacilli sown by their filthy feet. More definitely, flies have been caught in the houses of typhoid patients, put under the microscope and their feet, stomachs and specks found swarming with typhoid bacilli. A single fly-speck may contain three thousand. Fortunately, we have a simple and effective remedy. We cannot disinfect the fly, nor make him wipe his feet, but we *can* exterminate him utterly! This sounds difficult, but it isn't. Like the mosquito, the fly can only breed in one particular kind of place, and that place is a heap of dirt—preferably horse manure, but, at a pinch, dust-bins, garbage-cans, sweepings under porches or behind furniture, vaults—anywhere that dirt is allowed to remain undisturbed for more than a week at a stretch. Abolish, screen or poison these dirt accumulations, and flies will disappear, and with them not merely risks from typhoid, but half a dozen other diseases, as well as all sorts of filth and much discomfort and inconvenience. It was largely through flies that the disgraceful epidemic of typhoid, which ravaged our camps on our own soil during the Spanish-American War, was spread.

Infection from Poisoned Oysters

IT IS also believed that typhoid bacilli may be carried in the infected dust of streets and camps. Here again we are dealing with a dangerous public enemy to both health and comfort, which can and ought to be abated by cleanliness oilings and sprinklings. Typhoid bacilli are also occasionally carried by shellfish, especially oysters, on account of the interesting modern custom of planting them in bays and harbors near the mouths of sewers to fatten them. The cheerful motto of the oysterman is, "The muddier the water the fatter the oyster." And nowhere do the bivalves plump up more quickly than near the mouth of a sewer.

The last method of transmission is by direct contact with the sick. This is a rare means of spread, so much so that it is generally stated that typhoid is not contagious; but it is a real source of danger and one against which precautions should by all means be taken. The only method is, of course, by the soiling of the hands of the nurse or other attendant, and then eating or touching food, or putting the fingers into the mouth before thoroughly cleansing. If the hands be washed with a strong antiseptic solution after waiting upon the patient, and the cheerful habit sometimes indulged in of putting fruit or other delicacies into the sick-room for a day or so, in the hope that they may tempt the appetite of the patient, and then taking them out and letting the children eat them as a treat, be abolished, and the nurse be not allowed to officiate in the kitchen, risk from this source will be done away with. Even with the utmost recklessness, it would probably not cover more than one or two per cent. of all cases.

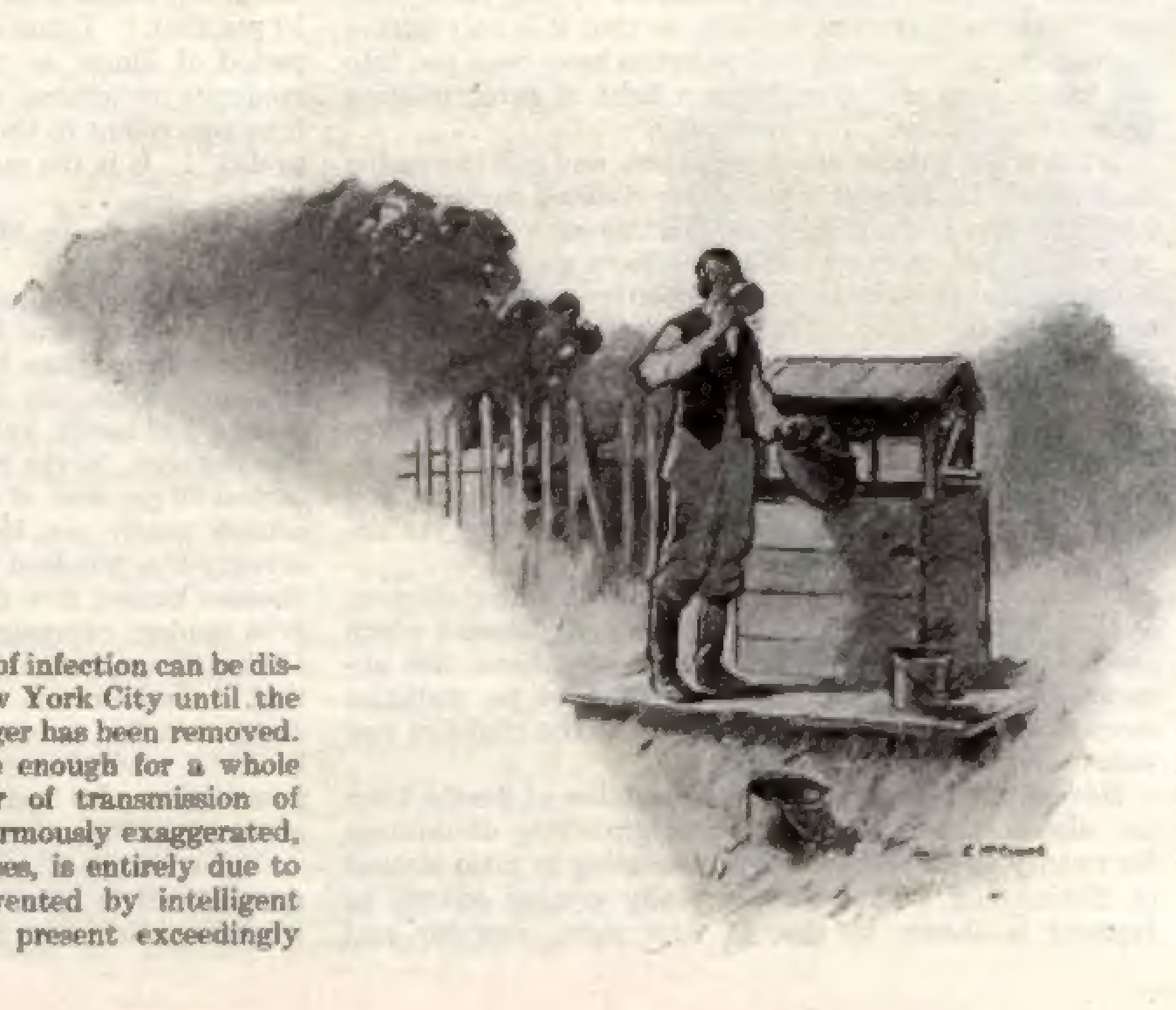
When the bacillus has been introduced into the stomach through food or drink it rapidly proceeds to diffuse itself throughout the tissues of the body. Because the most striking symptoms of the disease are diarrhœa, abdominal distension and pain, and the most striking lesions after death ulcers in the small intestine, it was supposed that the process was confined to the abdominal organs. This is now known to be an error, as cultures and examinations made from the blood and various parts of the body have shown the presence of the typhoid bacillus in almost every organ and tissue. This process of scattering, or invasion of the body, takes from three to ten days to accomplish; and the first sign of trouble is usually a feeling of depression, with headache, and perhaps slight nausea, before any characteristic bowel symptoms begin to show themselves.

This general invasion of the system throws an interesting sidelight upon the subject of premonitions. There are several well-authenticated cases on record where individuals just before coming down with typhoid have been strangely impressed with a sense of impending death, and have even gone so far as to make their wills and set their affairs in order. Because these strong impressions appeared before any clearly-marked intestinal symptoms of the disease, they have been put down in popular literature as instances of the "second sight," or "sixth sense," which popular superstition believes many of us to possess under certain circumstances. Now, however, we know that the tissues of that individual were already swarming with bacilli, and his fear of impending death was simply the effect of his toxin-laden blood upon his brain centres. In other words, it was prophecy after the fact, like nearly all prophecies that happen to come true; and the "premonition" was an early symptom of the disease itself.

As it is, of course, difficult to fix the precise drink of water or mouthful of food in which the infection was conveyed, we were for a long time in doubt as to the length of time which it took to spread through the system—the "period of incubation," as it is termed—although we knew in a general way that it averaged somewhere about ten days. But, about a year ago, fortune was kind to us. A nurse in one of the Parisian hospitals, in a fit of despondency, decided to commit suicide. Like a true Parisienne, she would be nothing if not up-to-date, and chose as the most *recherché* and original method of departing this life to swallow a pure culture of typhoid germs, which she abstracted from the laboratory. Three days later she began to complain of headache, and within a week had developed a beautiful crop of symptoms, and a typical case of typhoid, from which, under modern treatment, she promptly recovered—a wiser and, we trust, a happier woman.

The Predisposing Factors Not Known

BY JUST what avenue the infecting bacilli go from the stomach into the general system we do not know. Metschnikoff suggests that they can only penetrate the intestinal wall through wounds or abrasions of the mucous membrane, made by intestinal worms or other parasites. Certain it is that the average stomach has a considerable degree of resisting power against them, for in no known civil epidemic has the number of those who caught the disease exceeded 10 per cent. of the total number drinking the infected water or milk. In one or two camps in time of war the percentage has risen as high as 18 or 20 per cent. of those exposed, but this is exceptional. However, now that we know that intestinal symptoms do not constitute the entire disease, and may even be entirely absent, we strongly suspect that many cases of slight depression, with feverishness, loss of appetite, and disturbances of the digestion, which occur during an epidemic, may really have been very mild cases of the disease. One of the singular features of the disease is that, unlike many other infections, we are entirely unable to say what conditions or influences seem either to protect against it or to predispose toward it. In the days when we believed it to be an exclusively intestinal disease it was naturally supposed that chronic digestive disturbances, and especially acute attacks of bowel trouble or dysentery, would predispose to it, but this has been entirely disproved. Soldiers in barracks with chronic digestive disturbances, and even with dysentery, have shown no higher percentage of typhoid during an epidemic than others. Nor does it seem much more likely to occur in those who are constitutionally weak, or run down, or overworked, as some of the most violent and unmanageable cases occur in vigorous men and women, who were previously in perfect health. So that, although we have


The Interesting Solution is Drawn Up by the Old Oaken Bucket

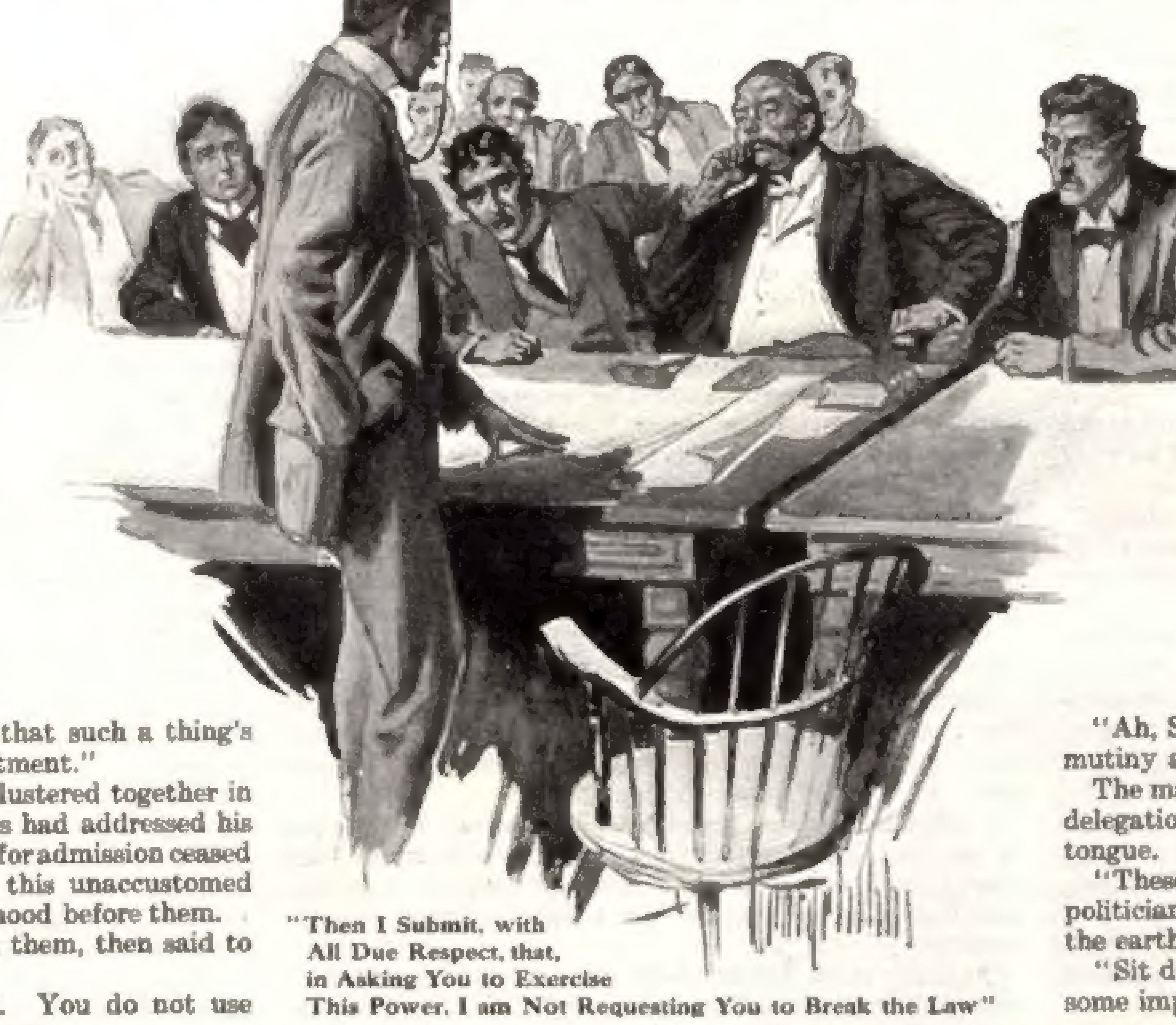
(Concluded on Page 18)

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

THE LAW AT MUDDLEBURY

By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



"Then I Submit, with All Due Respect, that, in Asking You to Exercise This Power, I am Not Requesting You to Break the Law"

YOUNG Lord Stranleigh had just completed the fastening of the last button on his right-hand glove, and was examining it most critically as a connoisseur seriously scrutinizes any work of art. He was about to step into the hall when he became aware of some sort of altercation going on at his front door. By the sounds that came to him he surmised that at least three of his *entourage* were endeavoring to persuade some people outside to remain there.

Softly Stranleigh opened the door and stepped gingerly into the hall. "What is the trouble, Perkins?" he asked.

"Why, my lord," said Perkins, who seemed flushed and in a rather excited condition, "here's a lot of navvies as insists on seeing your lordship. I'm a-telling of them, sir, that such a thing's impossible without making an appointment."

A hush had fallen on the five men clustered together in the porch outside the moment Perkins had addressed his master as "my lord." The applicants for admission ceased their clamor, and stared stolidly at this unaccustomed picture of exquisite and indolent manhood before them.

Lord Stranleigh smiled slowly upon them, then said to his doorkeeper:

"Perkins, I am astonished at you. You do not use your powers of observation when you go into the country with me. These men are not navvies, but farm laborers. You wish to see me?" he added, addressing the group. "For what reason?"

The leader pulled his forelock in awkward and embarrassed fashion.

"Sir," he said, "we be varm laborers, as your lordship sees. Us be tenants of yours."

"Tenants of mine? In that case it is Mr. Wilson you wish to see."

"Us has seen enough of Mr. Wilson, my lord."

"Ah, you are acquainted with my agent, then? Where do you come from?"

"Us comed up to Lunnon by excursion train this marnin'. Three-and-six return, third class. Had to leave at seven o'clock this marnin', sir, and get back in middle of night."

"Yes, but where from? At what station did you embark on your excursion?"

"Us comed from Muddlebury, sir."

"But, my good man, I own no land in Muddleshire."

"Yes, my lord, 'ee do. Four thousand acres 'ee do have in Muddleshire, and one carner touches the county town of Muddlebury."

"Well, that's news to me. I've never visited Muddlebury that I know of. However, gentlemen, step inside. We can't discuss the land question on the door-step. Perkins, tell Ponderby to telephone Mr. Wilson. Ask him to jump into a cab and come here as quickly as he can."

"Yes, my lord."

Stranleigh did not take his uninvited guests into the small business room, for there were only two chairs in that apartment, but he led them to the large library on the ground floor, a sombre but impressive place, lined as it was with richly-bound volumes of all sizes, from floor to ceiling. The five men huddled together, as if for mutual protection, and kept tumbling over one another's feet. They were plainly abashed by the splendor of their surroundings. Stranleigh, in his most affable manner, endeavored to put them at their ease. He waved away the liveried servant who had followed them in, and himself set out chairs for the coterie.

"Sit down, sit down," he cried cordially. "Mr. Wilson will be here in a few minutes," but this information did not seem to cheer them up at all. They drew long faces as they seated themselves gingerly on the extreme forward edge of the leather-covered chairs, stamped on the back with the Stranleigh coat-of-arms.

"You've had a long journey this morning?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And did you come directly from the terminus to my house?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Ever been in London before?"

"No, my lord."

Stranleigh, seeing their embarrassment, asked no further questions. He touched a button, and when a servant appeared said:

"Bring in five gipsy tables and five quarts of beer, bottled, the best you have, with bread, butter and cheese."

This welcome refection was speedily set before them, and they noticed that the servant treated them with as much respect as if they were five dukes. They seemed almost afraid to indulge in such a mundane act as eating and drinking in a room that appeared to them like a king's hall; but, when once they set to, five little tables were quickly swept clean, and the excellence of the beer gave them a confidence they had not hitherto possessed except when wrangling with the servants at the door.

"Now," said Stranleigh, throwing one leg over the other and leaning back, "I rather think you're on a wild-goose chase. Still, if you know my friend Wilson, there may be more in your quest than I am able to perceive at the present moment. I'm certain I don't own any land in Muddleshire, but I won't insist on the point. What is your grievance, may I ask?"

In plain English they told this story:

"My lord, we live in cottages on your lordship's estate, and we work for the farmers that are tenants of your farms. Now, these cottages are two or three hundred years old, built of timber and brick and plaster, with thatched roofs. The roofs leak, and the floor is ten inches, and sometimes more, below the level of the road. Mr. Wilson, he won't spend a penny on repairs, and the farmers, they won't. Times is too bad, they says, and the cottages belong to Lord Stranleigh, they says. He ought to mend them, they says, and Mr. Wilson says as it's neither the farmer's business nor Lord Stranleigh's business; that us ought to mend them ourselves."

"You say the farmers should do it; the farmers say I should do it; Wilson says you should do it, and between the three stools you come to the ground, or at least ten inches or a foot below it, as you remarked."

The farm laborers laughed. They liked this young man, and his beer was excellent. In all their long lives they had never tasted anything to compare with it.

"Well, my lord, in the wet weather there's a good bit of sickness round about: coughs and colds and such like, on account of the dampness, and here and there a touch of fever."

"How many tenants do you represent?"

"There's between thirty and forty of us; thirty or forty families, and we've all subscribed a bit, and us five came up to see you, my lord. We're poor men, with a hard struggle to keep bread in the mouths of our children, but the farmers be rich, and ——" the speaker paused, confused, suddenly seeing he was drifting into personalities.

Stranleigh smiled.

"Then there's another matter," continued the speaker. "Good tenants have been turned out of the best cottages, and these cottages have been let to London people for the summer, at rents that a laboring man can't pay, and this crowds the rest of us into the poorer cottages where there isn't enough room."

The conversation had acquired quite a basis of equality when it was suddenly interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Mr. Wilson, my lord," and a brisk, businesslike man of forty, with a shrewd, somewhat hard face, came in, hat in hand.

"Good-morning, Lord Stranleigh. You wish to see me?"

"Yes," drawled Stranleigh.

Wilson cast his eye over the group, which was now on its feet.

"Ah, Stiles, you've come to London, have you? What mutiny are you heading to-day?"

The man addressed as Stiles had been the speaker of the delegation. The advent of Wilson seemed to have tied his tongue. He made no answer.

"These people, my lord," said Wilson, "are pot-house politicians. You can't satisfy them. If you gave them the earth they'd grumble."

"Sit down, sit down, sit down!" cried Stranleigh with some impatience. "Do I own property in Muddleshire?"

"Four thousand acres, my lord."

"Well, the men were right in that, anyhow. There seems to be some dispute, Mr. Wilson, as to whose duty it is to repair the cottages."

"Oh, there's no dispute at all, my lord."

"Really?"

"No. Each of these men signed a repairing lease. It's the duty of the tenants to repair their own cottages, which they are entirely too lazy to do. It only means a handful of thatch on the roof, and a bit of plaster here and there on the walls."

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Stiles?" asked Stranleigh.

Stiles moistened his lips two or three times.

"Well, my lord, I don't know that I can say anything to it."

"Is it true you have signed repairing leases?"

"Well, my lord, we all signed something: we had to. You see, a poor man has no choice. He must have a cottage near the farm where he works: on the farm if possible. Well, as I tell you, there's too few cottages, and if Mr. Wilson here says, 'You sign this or you can't get the cottage,' why, you've got to sign it."

"Oh, there's no coercion about it at all," cried Wilson with a touch of anger. "These men are constitutional grumblers. The cottages are as good as any others in the county. Besides, if they do not wish to sign a repairing lease, there are houses to let in the village of Muddlebury."

"What do you say to that, Mr. Stiles?"

"Yes, my lord, there's sometimes houses to let in the village, but they're beyond the means of a farm laborer. Mr. Wilson might just as well tell me there's houses to let in London. That's no good to me, if they are not near my work, and if they're beyond the wages I earn."

"It does seem to me hard lines, Wilson," protested Stranleigh. "They tell me some of the best cottages are rented to Londoners for the summer. Is that true?"

"Why, of course. A Londoner pays for a month three times as much as these people are willing to pay for a year."

"Oh, that's all very well, Wilson, but these people belong to the soil. They certainly have the first claim to the cottages."

The delegation drew a deep and simultaneous sigh.

"If you will allow me to discuss this matter with you privately, my lord ——"

"Oh, it isn't important enough for that," said Stranleigh airily.

"No, indeed," agreed Wilson; "it isn't important at all."

The delegation looked with alarm toward Stranleigh. They felt that the forceful Wilson was carrying all before him, while they sat dumb in his presence. But, as they looked, they saw an astonishing sight. Lord Stranleigh's eyelid that was farthest away from Wilson slowly closed. The other remained open. Could they believe their senses? This great nobleman had actually winked at them!

"I hope, my lord," continued Wilson, with the confidence of a man who has never yet been interfered with, "that you will leave this matter in my hands. There is no use in your keeping a dog and barking yourself. I understand the situation, and I understand the people. With all due respect to you, Stiles, and to those who have come with you, and those you represent, you are a neighborhood of grumblers."

Poor Stiles muttered something in his throat, and the rest of the delegation shifted uneasily on their luxurious chairs. Lord Stranleigh leaned back in his armchair, his eyes partially closed, and a semi-comical twist disturbed his lips. It amused him to observe how cocksure Wilson was that he could mould his master into whatever shape pleased him.

"If you give way in one thing, my lord, you must be prepared to give way in all," Wilson said. "The farmers will want repairs to their houses and outbuildings when they learn how successful their laborers have been in getting you to listen to their complaints."

"Have the farmers taken their holdings on repairing leases, too?"

"Certainly, my lord. Furthermore, the moment you began repairing there'd be no end to it. They'd all want a bathroom next."

"Haven't you, then, got bathrooms in your cottages?" asked Stranleigh in surprise. "How do you manage?"

"We takes a washtub every Saturday night, my lord," said Stiles.

"Well, gentlemen, I have quite made up my mind not to sanction any repairs to the cottages. Mr. Wilson's arguments are unanswerable, and you have not even endeavored to reply to them. I am much obliged to you, Wilson, for coming so promptly when telephoned for. I know you're a busy man, so I'll excuse you."

"Thank you, my lord. Good-day, my lord," and the energetic Wilson departed.

The delegation had risen to its feet, glum and dumb. Stranleigh waved his hand.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said. "Talking's dry work, and you have been unduly garrulous, so I think a round of beer won't hurt you."

He touched a button and gave the order. The laborers smacked their lips, and seated themselves once more.

"Now, gentlemen," began Lord Stranleigh, as soon as the beer was brought and the servant gone—he knew politicians always addressed laborers as "gentlemen," and so followed the example—"I shall seize the first opportunity and run down to Muddlebury. You, Mr. Stiles, can probably get a day off, and accompany me as guide around the property. I should like to know the lay of the land and to study the needs of the people. I am rather a stupid person, but you may have noticed that, when a thing is explained very clearly to me, I sometimes grasp a few of the details. What I have practically made up my mind to do, subject to the information gained on the visit I have referred to, is this: I shall leave the old cottages as they stand, if they are picturesque. We will allow Wilson to let them to Londoners who don't know any better. I shall get into touch with the best cottage architect there is in England, and I shall build new cottages, each of which will be equipped with a bathroom. Where do you get water? From wells?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very good. I shall look into the water supply also. I think I can guarantee you nice, sanitary, new cottages within six months, perhaps less, and yet keep my promise to Wilson that I shall not repair the bathless huts now in existence. Of course, if these cottages you are occupying turn out to be ugly structures I shall have them demolished when the new buildings are ready for occupation. And now, gentlemen, enough of business for one day. Let us devote the rest of the time to pleasure. None of you has been in London before, I think you said. Complete strangers without even a map?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well; I'll lend you my chief automobile until four o'clock this afternoon. It will hold seven very comfortably. I shall instruct my chauffeur to bring you back at four, then we will have tea."

He pressed a button, and asked Perkins to send in Henri, the chauffeur. When that exquisite individual appeared, looking very natty in the Stranleigh livery, his master said to him:

"Henri, please telephone down to Messrs. Cook & Sons at Ludgate Circus, and tell them to have ready for you, within half an hour, one of their best guides to London. Here are five friends of mine from the country, and I wish them to see everything worth while that can be seen from now till four o'clock, at which hour I shall expect you here. You will have nothing to do but to see that you don't exceed the speed limit. You will go wherever Cook's London guide directs you to go. Do you understand?"

The chauffeur cast a contemptuous glance at the delegation. A good chauffeur is an employee of pride, and, in the realms of service, the lines of caste are much more marked than in what is commonly called good society. Lord Stranleigh knew what was passing in the chauffeur's mind, and even suspected him of considering himself socially superior to the dignified Ponderby, valet to his lordship. Stranleigh made no attempt to argue or to command. Apparently not seeing the frown on the chauffeur's brow, nor noticing his hesitation, Stranleigh indolently drew from his pocket two crisp Bank of England notes for five pounds each, and allowed them to rustle carelessly between his finger and thumb.

"If for any reason it should be inconvenient for you to take the car out this morning," said Lord Stranleigh, in his sweetest tones, "be so good as to telephone to the garage, and ask them to oblige me by sending their best chauffeur."

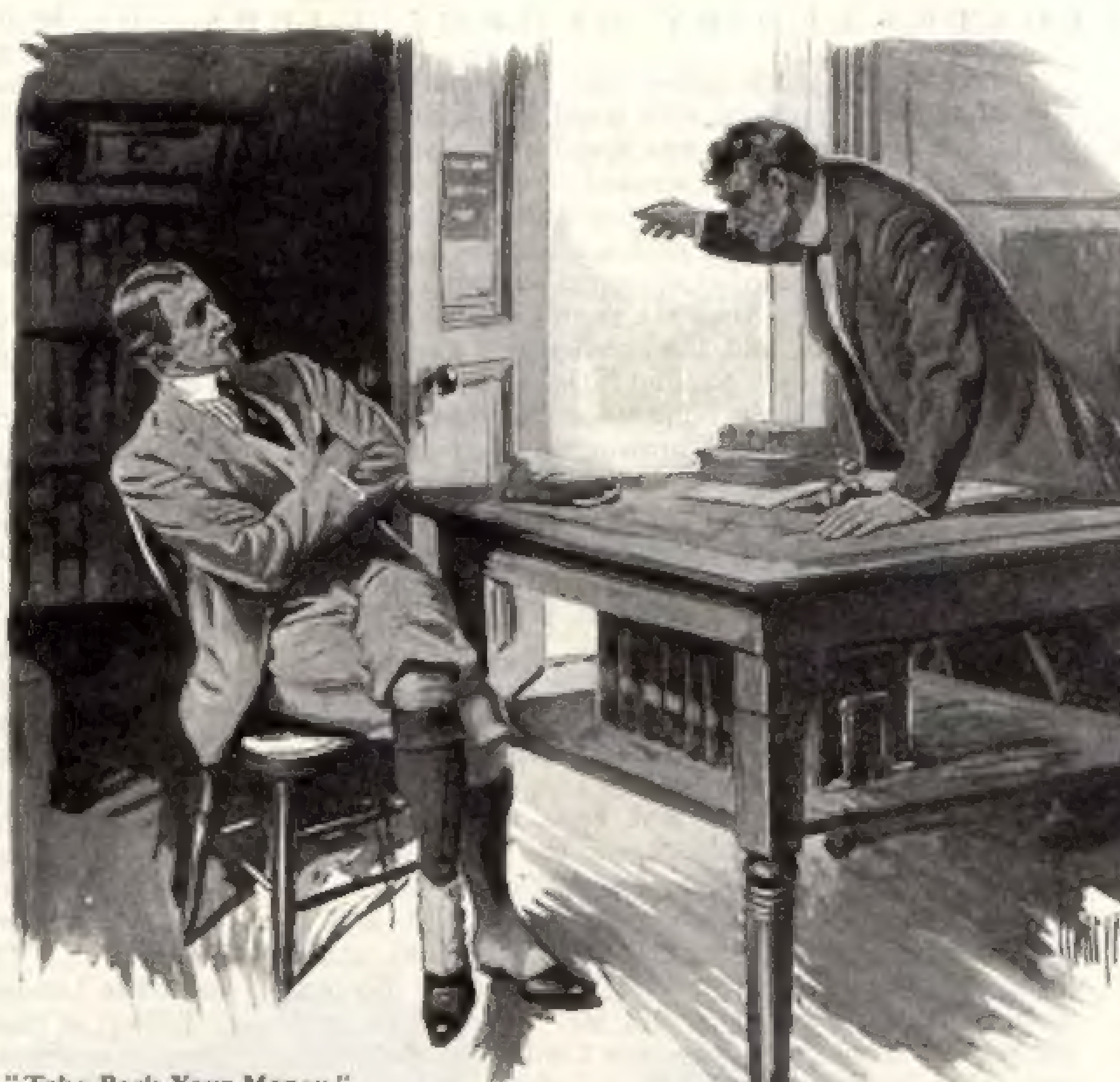
The crinkle of the banknote paper made itself audible to Henri, and his eyes removed from the delegation and fell upon the ten pounds.

"Oh, it's not inconvenient at all, my lord," said Henri with great eagerness.

Lord Stranleigh, folding the banknotes, handed them to the chauffeur, murmuring inaudibly a quotation from ancient Pistol: "'My fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take,'" then aloud to Henri:

"Tell Cook's man—the name is suggestive—to take you to one of the big restaurants where there is music, and there give you all a lunch. Return here promptly at four, and then prepare the car for a long journey into the country."

At four o'clock the members of the delegation again presented themselves to Stranleigh, saying they had had the time of their lives. After tea the automobile was again ready for them, and Stranleigh, quite unrecognizable in goggles and fur coat, got in with them. The delegation was a little anxious about its train, but when Stranleigh learned that it did not leave London till eight o'clock, he assured them they would have ample time to see a bit of the country, and be at the terminus before the hour of their departure.



"Take Back Your Money," He Roared, "and Get Out of This Office"

Once clear of the London suburbs, Henri, at the instigation of his master, put on a speed entirely unsanctioned by law, slowing down only when they approached a town or a village. The Stranleigh luck accompanied the vehicle, for it fell into no police traps, although the speed and the oncoming of evening began to make Stranleigh's guests exceedingly uneasy. How they ever were to get back to London in time for the excursion train none of them knew, and Stiles felt a delicacy at mentioning their quandary, having previously spoken to Lord Stranleigh about their anxiety on that score. Finally, Stiles, in astonishment, shouted out:

"Dang my buttons if there bean't Bennett's varm!"

"Yes, and there be Grice's varm next door to un!" cried another.

"And that's Muddlebury steeple on ahead," shouted a third, and then all five laughed.

Before they entered the village, and just alongside of the railway station, Stranleigh ordered the car to stop.

"Now," he said, "I'll put you down here, for we don't want to make a sensation in Muddlebury, setting all the gossips' tongues a-wagging. What is the principal hotel in the place?"

"The Stranleigh Arms," replied Stiles.

"Oh, well, I ought to feel at home there, but I don't wish any one to know I am spying out the land. My name at the Stranleigh Arms will be Edmund Trevelyan. Can you remember that, Mr. Stiles?"

"Oh, yes, my lord."

"Very well; if you could make it convenient to call there to-morrow at half-past ten, and accompany me on my rounds, I'd be very much obliged: Ask for Mr. Trevelyan. If your master objects to letting you go two days in succession, engage a substitute, if you can, and I'll pay for him."

"Oh, that's easily done, my lord."

"Very good. Then say to those whom you represent that you have seen Lord Stranleigh in London; that he has taken the matter under consideration, and will send them a written reply in a day or two. Until that time I should rather have nothing said about my brief visit to Muddlebury."

All five assured Lord Stranleigh that they would be as mute as so many monuments, and, after farewells, Henri drove up to the Stranleigh Arms and under the arch into its old-fashioned courtyard, where Edmund Trevelyan received the warm welcome at an inn which is always extended to the owner of a huge sixty-horse-power machine.

The young man, in company with the deferential Stiles, completed the investigation of his own property by lunch-time next morning, and, after that meal, went back to London. A day later he summoned Wilson, told that displeased man his intentions toward the Muddleshire property, directed him to secure the best architect he could find, celebrated for the production of romantic and comfortable cottages, asked his agent to see that they were built, and then promptly forgot all about the matter.

One morning, several months after the secret visit to Muddlebury, the Earl of Stranleigh was rudely awakened from his complacency. He was to be taught that, in spite of great riches and many titles, he was but a worm of the dust. An Englishman is a man until he is elected to office; then he ceases to be human and becomes official. Before an official who knows the law every one must tremble except the King. The British official is invariably honest, but that rather aggravates than mitigates his cold contempt for the layman. People who have had experience with the "grafter" in the West, and the granitelike honesty of the officeholder in England, have been known to prefer the genial good-fellowship and human sympathy of the pirate.

Lord Stranleigh found a letter on his breakfast-table that astonished without perturbing him. He little knew the nature of the breakers ahead. The following is a copy of the document which caused his eyebrows to rise, even if, at that moment, his hair did not follow suit:

To LORD STRANLEIGH OF WYCHWOOD.

My Lord: I am directed by the District Council of Muddlebury to call your attention to an action which I am desired to describe as not only high-handed but illegal. The Council is informed that you have caused to be erected on your property within its jurisdiction certain structures which they believe to be unauthorized. According to Act of Parliament (here followed the designations of the statutes referred to) any person or persons desiring to erect a building of any sort must first submit the plans thereof to the District Council, and must not proceed therewith, except at his own peril, without the authorization of the said Council. I am directed to ask you to produce the authorization for the erection of the cottages you have put up on your estate, or failing such production forthwith to remove the edifices you have erected.

I have the honor to be, my lord,
Your obedient servant,
PAUL TIMMINS,
Secretary to the Muddlebury District Council.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Stranleigh, and he might have added "drawn and quartered" also.

"Just get Mr. Wilson on the telephone," he said to the man who was waiting on him, "and ask him to favor me by coming here at once."

When Wilson arrived his lordship did not invite him to take the vacant chair at the breakfast-table.

"Just cast your eye over that," he said, handing him the letter. Wilson read it in silence.

"I suppose," said he, when the persual was concluded, "Binns, the architect, neglected to send in his plans to the Council."

"Oh, you knew that was the law, did you?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Then why didn't you see that Binns complied with it?"

"It wasn't my place to do that, my lord. Binns is a very celebrated and a very busy man, and he rather resents interference. I took it for granted he would comply with building regulations and all that sort of thing."

"Quite so; but you are engaged to look after my interests, and, no matter how peremptory Binns may be, you should have seen to it that he submitted his plans to the Council, as that happens to be the law."

"Really, Lord Stranleigh, I think you are a little unjust. I no more thought of teaching Binns his business in that direction than I should have ventured to ask him to change the proportions, or the style, or the materials he used in the construction of the cottages."

"Then you are entirely blameless in the matter?"

"I think so, my lord."

"And, if Binns says it was your duty to do this, between the two stools I fall to the ground, or, rather, two fools, if Binns is not too great an architect for me to class him as one of the imbeciles."

Wilson reddened slightly, but said nothing.

"You have been in constant communication with Mr. Binns, and doubtless know his telephone number. Ring him up, and learn if he has reached his office yet. Tell him I wish to speak with him."

Wilson disappeared and shortly after returned.

"Binns is on the 'phone, my lord," he said.

Stranleigh rose and went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Mr. Binns? This is Lord Stranleigh. It's about those cottages you built for me down in Muddleshire."

"Oh, yes," replied Binns.

"I received a letter this morning from the Rural District Council, which informs me that the plans were not submitted to the proper official before the buildings were erected, and that we had therefore no authorization to proceed."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that, Lord Stranleigh. Didn't Mr. Wilson know that he must supply the plans to the District Council?"

"Wilson says that was your business."

"Oh, not at all, my lord. I merely supplied the plans, and sent down proper experts to see that the builders followed instructions. Your Mr. Wilson gave out the contracts, and, I believe, purchased the material. If he had placed the whole matter in my hands I should, of course, have seen that all formalities were carried out, or, even though I had nothing to do with letting the contracts, if Mr. Wilson had asked me to submit the plans to the Council I should very cheerfully have done so."

"Then it is entirely his fault?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord."

"What would you advise me to do, Mr. Binns?"

"Oh, you'll not have any trouble at all, Lord Stranleigh. You're the big man of the place, and these District Councils are usually made up of tradesmen and a few professionals, who will take good care not to offend so powerful a neighbor as yourself. Still, you might choose the most urbane and suave solicitor you possess, and send him down to the next meeting of the Council. Let him take the plans with him. Tell him to apologize abjectly, and dwell a good deal on your desire to improve the district, hinting that these cottages are but a commencement. I understand that most of Muddlebury is built on your land, so I am sure you won't meet any trouble."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Binns. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, my lord."

Lord Stranleigh returned to the breakfast-room.

"Mr. Wilson," he said, "I shall be obliged if you would let me know as soon as possible when and where the next meeting of the Muddlebury District Council takes place."

"The District Council meets next Thursday, my lord, at ten o'clock, in the Town Hall, Muddlebury."

"What a beastly early hour! Did you let the contracts for the cottages?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And buy the materials?"

"Yes, my lord. I thought it best to engage local builders, and they, as a rule, have not the capital necessary for the purchase of materials."

"That was quite right. I always like to engage a local man when I can. Are the cottages finished?"

"Nearly all of them, my lord."

"Any of them occupied yet?"

"Some of them, my lord."

"Has Stiles moved into his new cottage yet?"

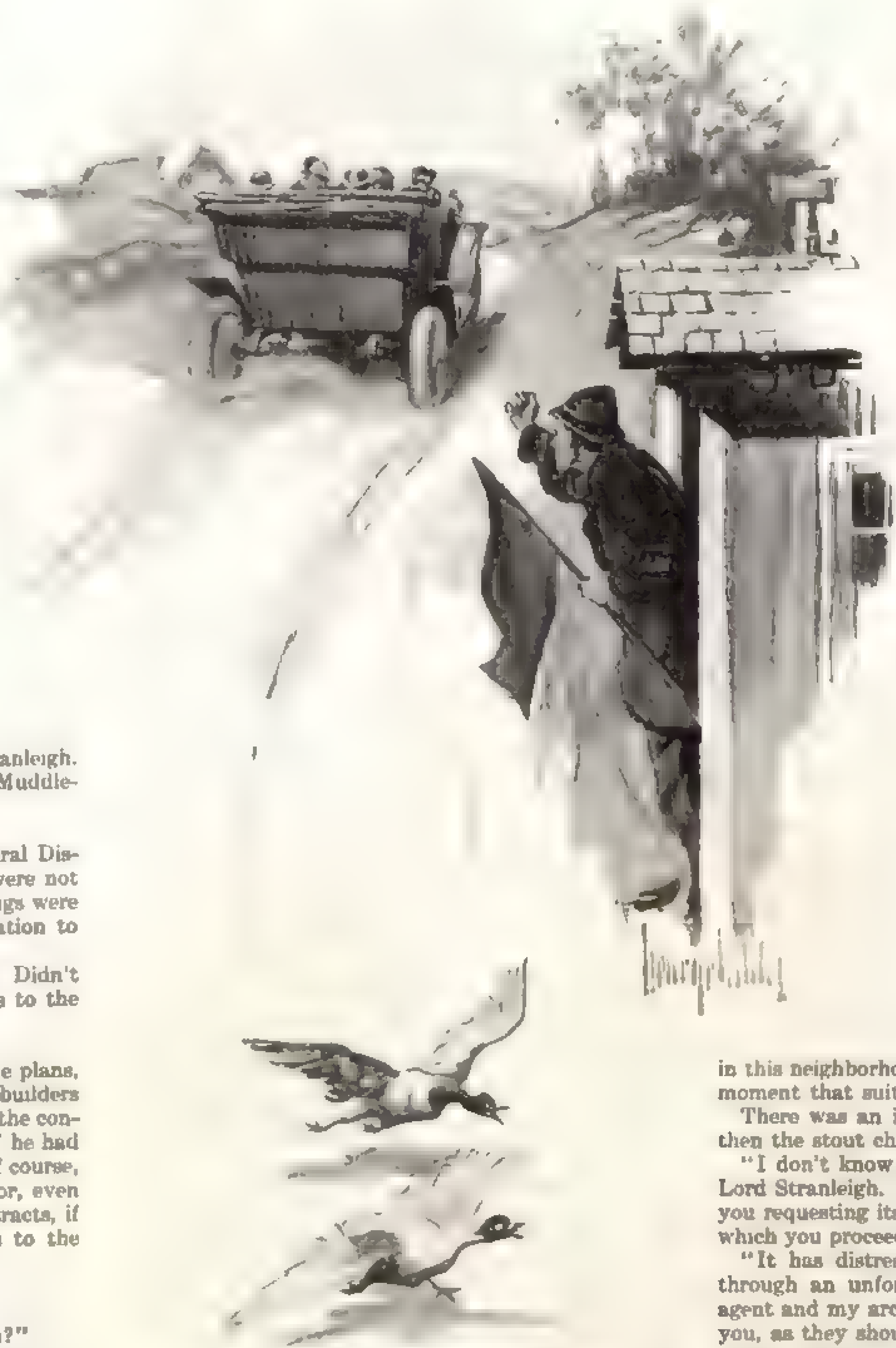
"Not yet, my lord."

"Nor any of the four men who were here with him?"

"No, my lord."

"H-m-m. That's merely a coincidence, I suppose?"

"Coincidence, my lord? I don't quite understand you."



The Stranleigh Luck Accompanied the Vehicle

"You are not teaching Stiles and the rest that it is better to refuse when they are asked to form a delegation?"

"Oh, no, my lord."

"I thought not. And it is equally absurd to suppose that you are giving an indolent person like myself a lesson in not interfering with the business of my own agents?"

"I should be sorry if you believed that, my lord."

"I know you would be," said Stranleigh with one of his enigmatical smiles.

"I shall go at once, my lord, to Muddlebury, and see the members of the District Council. I know them all, and I am sure I can rectify this error."

"Very well, do so; and while you are there see that the work on Stiles' cottage is pushed forward a bit. If you fail with the District Council – that is, if you do not get the signatures of the majority of them to a statement that they will accept the plans—you must let me know by telegraph, so that I can go down to Muddlebury on Wednesday night, in time for their session on Thursday morning."

"Very good, my lord."

Wilson left the residence with an uneasy feeling that, for once, he had gone too far, and he cursed Stiles and his brethren, whereas he might better have cursed himself. Lord Stranleigh was an easy-going employer as a rule, but sometimes exhibited unexpected stubbornness and a disconcerting knowledge of some subject whose details Wilson supposed were concealed from his lordship's ken.

On reaching Muddlebury Wilson soon found that his mission was a failure. This District Council had a real live lord on the toasting-fork, and he was not going to be allowed to wriggle off until he was mighty well basted. The agent telegraphed to Stranleigh, and, on Wednesday night, his lordship occupied a room in the Stranleigh Arms.

On Thursday morning at half-past ten he took his way to the Town Hall, hoping that the half-hour would have been sufficient for the Council to get through with its routine work. He carried a roll of building plans under his arm, and humbly he took off his hat as he tiptoed into the Council chamber. The solemn public body was in full session, every member being present, as it had become known that Lord Stranleigh would be there in person to plead his cause.

The portly Hiram Greenleaves, the leading grocer of the place, was chairman of the Council. Mr. Timmins, the secretary, was one of the two solicitors who kept offices in Muddlebury. The rest of the Council were more or less important inhabitants of the place, with the exception of two stalwart farmers whose garb proclaimed their occupation, and one of whom, Mr. Bennett, Stranleigh afterward learned, was a tenant of his own. Neither the chairman nor the members gave any greeting to Stranleigh when he entered, but went on gravely with the business before them. It was well to let these whipper-snappers of the aristocracy, an absentee landlord at that, know of how little importance he was to the real working world. So the young man waited with great patience until the Town Hall clock struck eleven, hat in hand and roll under his arm. When the last reverberation of the last bell-note had ceased, his lordship ventured to speak.

"Mr. Chairman, I have come down from London especially to attend this meeting of your board. My name is Stranleigh. If you would have the kindness to let me know at what hour you could listen to my explanation regarding the cottages I have caused to be erected in this neighborhood I shall be delighted to return at any moment that suits your convenience."

There was an impressive silence for a minute or two, then the stout chairman spoke with great solemnity.

"I don't know that we can listen to any explanation, Lord Stranleigh. What we wish to see—and we wrote to you requesting its production—is the authorization under which you proceeded to build your cottages."

"It has distressed me to learn, Mr. Chairman, that, through an unfortunate misunderstanding between my agent and my architect, the plans were not submitted to you, as they should have been. I assure you, whatever your decision may be, that no disrespect was intended toward your honorable body, and I hope you will accept an expression of my profound regret for this inexcusable negligence. This failure to comply with the conditions of the law has caused me such dissatisfaction that I am here in person to apologize, when I might, perhaps, have sent my agent, my architect or my solicitor."

The mention of the word "solicitor" seemed to bring Paul Timmins to his feet. He belonged to the same honorable profession.

"That's all very well, Lord Stranleigh," he said, "but your agent has already been down here trying to threaten us."

"Not threaten you, I hope, sir," protested Stranleigh mildly.

"Well, he attempted to show very eloquently that it would be to our advantage to conform with your lordship's wishes, and, I dare say, if he had succeeded we wouldn't have seen you here to-day. You must know, my lord, that before the law all men are equal, and we cannot treat you any differently than we would the humblest laborer on your estate."

"I shall make no plea for preference, sir."

"But, as I understand it, you *are* making a plea for preference. You have broken the law, and you ask us to do the same in your behalf."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, sir, but I come here with no such intention. If you tell me that the Council has no power to authorize my cottages to remain, then I shall not say another word."

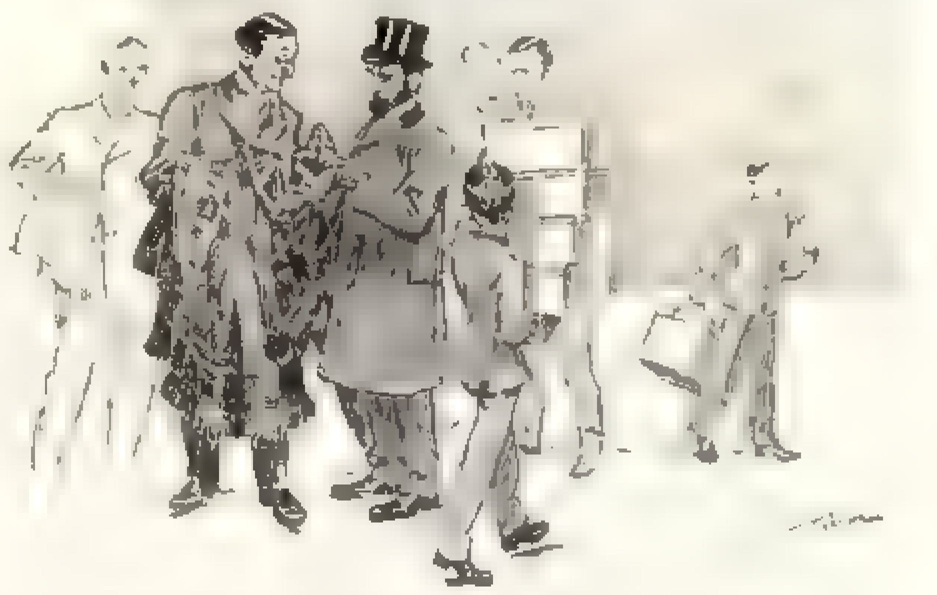
(Continued on Page 28)

The London Shop-Assistant

Training and Team-Work in a Retail Shop

By TOM BIGBY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT R. JOHNSON



It Will Be, to Put it Briefly, Sir, Most Extraordinary!

AMERICANS usually find shopping in London both novel and agreeable, if figures of their expenditure are to be credited. Such figures are quite a staple of the London halfpenny newspapers every summer. They usually print them with an editorial welcome to "Our American Visitors," reminding the latter that they are getting good value for their money, not only in merchandise, but also in the enjoyment of a civilization such as is unknown at home

Between sixty and eighty thousand Yankees passed through the British metropolis last summer, it is estimated, and left seven to ten million dollars behind them. A third of this went to hotels and boarding-houses, and the rest chiefly to shopkeepers. The largest item of expenditure, nearly two million dollars, was for—antiques! Drapers, jewelers, tailors, dressmakers and haberdashers got about three millions, and the rest went for cabs, theatres, tobacco and sundries. The moment one steps into a large London shop things begin to happen. You are met at the door by a substantial, self-contained personage in a black frock coat. He bends his head gravely as he asks what is wanted, and, when told, receives your reply as though it were something having an exceedingly decisive bearing on a matter of international diplomacy—to say nothing, sir, of the kind personal favor to himself. Then he snaps his fingers and turns you over to an assistant, and presently you begin to learn that a London shop-assistant is radically different from an American department-store clerk.

The keynote of our clerks is very often inattention.

A witty newspaper paragrapher once said that "When a man goes shopping in America he knows what he wants and doesn't get it, while when the American woman goes shopping she doesn't know what she wants and insists on having it." But sometimes *she* doesn't get it, either.

In the Clutches of the Shop-Assistant

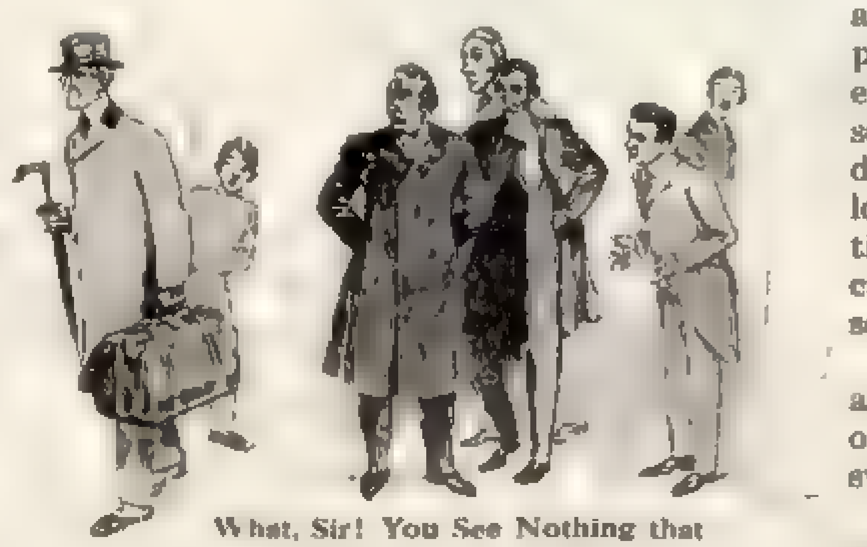
NOW, the keynote of the London shop-assistant is attention. The quality of this attention, unlike mercy, is often strained. It is no trouble for him (or her) to show goods. On the contrary, you may find it a good deal of trouble to get out of the shop without purchasing.

What, sir! You see nothing that pleases? Dear me, sir!

Mr. Hawkins is crestfallen. He hands you over to Mr. Lloyd as though you were royalty. If Mr. Lloyd, who is Welsh, can't sell you something, he passes you along to Mr. McAndrews, who is Scotch. If Mr. McAndrews is unsuccessful (there is but a single chance in ten thousand that he will be) it is not possible to get out of that shop except by being given back into custody of the personage who met you at the door. If you get away from *him* without buying it will be only after the utmost resources of the draper's art have been exhausted and the shop's entire stock shown up in the pleasantest way in the world. It will be most curious. It will be, to put it briefly, sir, most extraordinary!

Perhaps you make a purchase, however.

Well, Mr. Hawkins comes from behind his counter while you wait for your change. Ostensibly he is going to chat about the weather. Really, sir, you mustn't leave England, now, with the impression that *this* has been a representative summer! Unto him comes Mr. Lloyd, with a fine, soft steamer rug for admiration. If that isn't tempting, then Mr. McAndrews joins the weather conference with some linen-mesh underwear. You are deftly led to approve linen mesh in principle, and regret that regular sizes never fit you. That doesn't dash Mr. McAndrews in the least. He will send your measurements up to Belfast and have garments woven for you personally. Oh, but there isn't time, you say—in a week the steamer sails. Bless me! says McAndrews, we can have them in three days, sir.



What, Sir! You See Nothing that Pleases? Dear Me, Sir!

As you count your change the personage on the front door approaches with a casual meteorological observation. Likewise, a steamer trunk for inspection. You admit the quality is good, but criticise the design. Ah! a very acute criticism, admits the frock-coated personage. We shall make one to your own design, sir. How? In our trunk-shop, sir. Where? Upstairs. When? If in a hurry, sir, the day after to-morrow.

They are by no means done with you, either, when you finally get into the street. For the bundles delivered at your hotel will be accompanied by a personal missive from Mr. Hawkins, who remains yours faithfully, and sends cuttings of choice fabrics from which the Bespoke Department is prepared to make you an overcoat. Mr. Hawkins need hardly say that, should you favor him with an order, he can assure you of satisfaction as regards fit and style.

Of course, some Americans find the London shop-assistant a bit over-attentive. Others lose their zest for shopping when they begin to suspect that London shops have more than one price, as many have. It pays to barter with the London shopman. He wouldn't dream of charging a lord the same price as a steel magnate. He would charge a lord more. Lords are slow pay, and London prices are varied to fit different purchasers. There is the spot-cash price—almost rock bottom. Then a higher price for the man who pays his bills quarterly. A higher for the man who pays yearly. Still a higher for those who pay every three or four years, as many English people do. Up at the top is a sort of "never-never" price for the customer who pays when some of his relatives die and leave him money. And this is about as stiff as it ought to be.

Team-Work of the British Sales-Force

BUT the American business man who has wrestled with this problem of building up a retail sales-force is usually struck dumb by the magnificent team-work of Messrs. Hawkins & Company. They load him up with merchandise, and he is so intent upon studying them he never stops to ask himself how he's going to get through customs.

London's great shops have hardly been brought up to the level of our department stores in organization, equipment, capitalization, buying methods or advertising. But in the detail of good personal salesmanship they are strikingly efficient. A capable London assistant will serve three to four hundred customers a day, reaching the latter aggregate on the long Saturdays, when some shops are open till eleven at night. He will serve several customers at once, too, giving each personal attention.

In a press of business three or four assistants will play back and forth into one another's hands, keeping everybody sweet and happy.

Part of this efficiency is due to English courtesy—the same national trait that leads English people to say "Thank you!" in one of their slow elevators, by which the lift-boy knows that they want to get out at that floor.

Part of it is due to caste—the definite class distinction that makes the person who sells socially lower than the person who buys.

But behind these there is a system of training, and behind that a system of fines and rules, and behind that, still, an institution known as the "living-in system," which is an excellent thing for the service, but often a doubtful thing for the clerk. As we have nothing like the last-named system in this country a description of it may be interesting to American readers.

The training of an English shop-assistant is often elaborate. One of the prominent London shops, for instance, is under the management of a Scotchman whose son lately left school and was ready for business life. Did his father give him a place in his own establishment? No, indeed. Instead, he is going through the same course of development that landed his daddy in the executive chair.

First, this boy is sent to a draper's shop in a small provincial town, and the father pays the shop fifty guineas ($250) for the privilege of having him employed there. This is called a "premium," and is paid all through the British commercial system, from retail shops to banks and machine works. The higher a firm's standing the more a novice pays to serve for nothing, in many cases boarding himself, and very often influence is needed, as well as money. In this provincial shop that boy will have the whole drapery business before him in miniature. London, with its attractions, is far away, so his mind will be on business. He will learn to buy, ticket and inventory goods of every kind, to serve at the counter, to know makes, qualities, prices, demand, credits. During his three years he will live at the shop's expense, receiving no wages whatever. Then his father is to send him to Germany for a year, where he will serve in one of the large shops. By that time his experience secures a place without premium. But he will still get no pay, nor any in Paris, where another six months or a year will be spent.

This five-year apprenticeship, rounded out by foreign experience, will give him a general knowledge such as is lacking where a boy comes up in a great London shop, knowing but a single line of goods. His father will then bring him home and set him at work behind the counter at five dollars a week. But he is now considered available timber for making over into a specialist. In time he rises to a department and, if of the proper stuff, to the management.

The Polish of London Experience

DOWN in the provinces boys and girls go into drapers' shops as apprentices, beginning with sweeping, dusting stock, unpacking new goods, ticketing and learning them. It may be two years before the apprentice is given a trial behind the counter, where old hands coach him in the art of selling. Some novices develop awkwardness that sends them back to routine work again.

A premium of one hundred and fifty dollars is required for a three-year term in many of these provincial shops, but it is paid, nowadays, chiefly as a means of binding the apprentice, so that he or she will stay and learn and be of value to the business. Some shops give the premium back in wages the third year. Others take novices without premium if they will stay four years, learning still more thoroughly. In both cases the shop boards the apprentice.

When this novitiate is over many go up to the metropolis for "London experience," serving behind the counter a year or two without wages, the shop boarding them. There is a marked difference between methods of selling in the metropolis and in the provinces. For, in the latter, much skill is needed in the "swapping" art peculiar to all rural districts, as customers like to talk and haggle over prices. In London, on the contrary, selling calls for a certain alertness and readiness of knowledge and speech, while the grades of goods are usually better. When these emigrants return home they have a post-graduate finish and get better wages. Many of them secure places in London. Scotland and Wales furnish the majority of London assistants. Trade is in the Scotchman's blood. "As for us," says Taffy, "wherever you find a Welshman you find a good cricketer, a good singer and a good draper."

Under a system of training like this the clerk has an opportunity of really learning his business. Training isn't all of it, however.

What makes the London assistant so very attentive when you deal with him is a hard-and-fast schedule of fines imposed for inattention, of which a penalty known as the "swop" is most interesting. The "swop" may amount to only a shilling. But it is imposed whenever a clerk permits a customer to leave the shop without purchasing. Three "swops" are usually equivalent to discharge.

As administered in some English shops, this fine is not a lovely thing. But it certainly promotes good service, and might be modified to accomplish its end more mercifully.

When an assistant has exhausted all resources to make a sale and failed, he protects himself against the "swop" in two ways. One is to hand the obdurate customer over to another assistant, who in turn becomes responsible. The other is to call the usher at the front door, who takes the responsibility upon himself, and thus has a chance to rectify mistakes, to explain deficient stock or other shortcomings of the establishment.

The "swop" is only one of many penalties imposed in English shops.

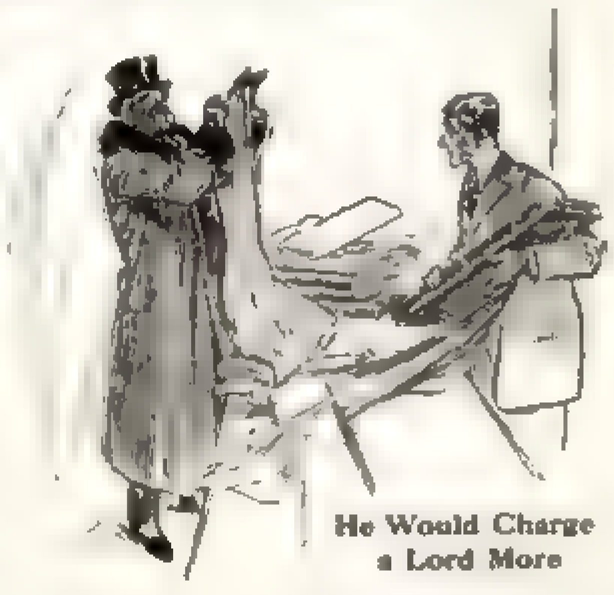
There are others covering errors in charges or addition, careless handling of stock, failure to make sales records, etc. They range from a penny to several shillings. Some employers are unquestionably severe, and are said to make these fines a source of revenue. As ushers impose them, there is also a powerful weapon for persecution. Much publicity has lately been given this system in England, however, and to-day many of the better shops are relaxing their penalties. The "swop" is usually abolished first of all. An employer clears his skirts by turning all fines into the fund that supports a shop library.

Good and Bad of the Living-In System

ONE of the large shops in South London exhibited its fine-book, with a tabulation showing that three hundred and fifty employees paid about a dollar apiece in such penalties the past year. Most of these fines were imposed for sins against the establishment's accounting system. The individual average would have been smaller, the proprietor explained, had excessive amounts against a few names been deducted. These represented flagrantly careless employees who were weeded out by this method. The total of three hundred and fifty dollars went into the employees' reading-room fund.

Back of the fines lies the "living-in" system.

This has been widely discussed in England the past two or three years. Reformers want to abolish it by law, charging that shop-people are slaves whose every action is regulated by employers. Employers, on the other hand, maintain that the living-in system is necessary in good organization, and unobjectionable when honestly conducted.



He Would Charge a Lord More

Both sides seem to be right.

The living-in system is an outgrowth of days when retail shops were small. Two or three apprentices ate at the proprietor's own table, lived in his home, and sometimes married his daughters or succeeded to the shop.

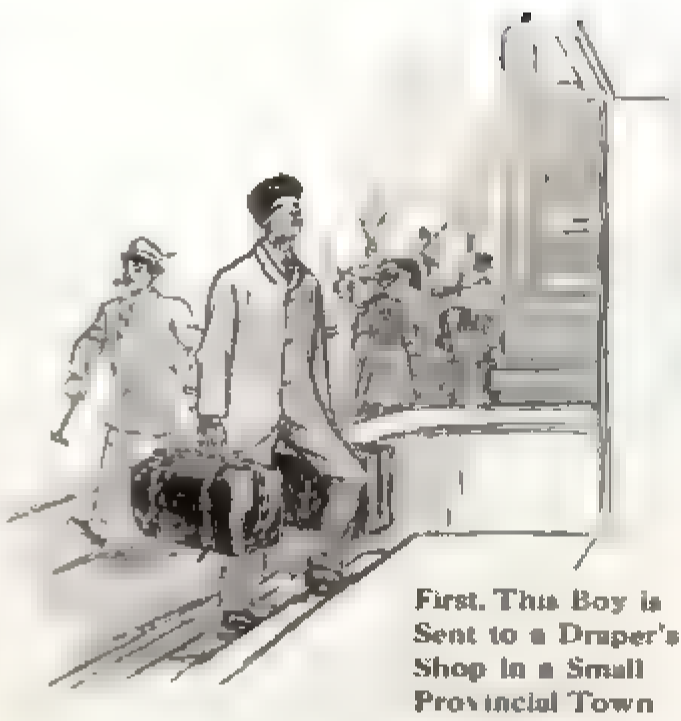
But large retail stores, financed by joint-stock companies, spread over acres of ground, and employing hundreds of men and women, have grown up under modern conditions. Instead of the employer's family table there is now the great dining-room, in which clerks eat all their meals in relays. For the bedrooms over the old-fashioned shop there have been substituted huge barracklike dormitories, either above the store or in near-by streets. In these the clerks sleep in single beds, two to six in a room. Separate dormitories are maintained for men and women. But rules regulate the leisure hours of employees as rigidly as fines govern their working hours. Every one must be in by a certain hour at night. Association between the sexes is forbidden. Assistants cannot marry until they secure an extra wage allowance to set up a home. It is charged that employers often "sweat" their people by poor, insufficient food. There may be weekly deductions from wages for medical attendance that is not needed, for a library that is a farce, for a piano bought over and over again.

These charges are unquestionably true of many shops. So the living-in system has an active opposition. A shop-assistants' union fights it generally with mass meetings, lectures and newspaper articles, and also in detail, through negotiations with individual employers for its abolishment. Like most British labor unions, it has its own member in Parliament.

Fair-minded employers admit that the living-in system is wrong when abused, and concede that a certain element of shop proprietors use it as a means of enslaving and sweating their people.

But they also hold that it is unobjectionable when managed honestly, as well as necessary in securing a good class of employees. A London shop draws most of its clerks from small towns in England, Scotland and Wales. London seems to be a modern Sodom to the provincial imagination, and parents are reassured when their sons and daughters are to live under the employer's supervision. So better recruits are attracted. The food served under good conditions is held to be better than clerks could buy for the extra money added to wages were the system abolished—about two dollars a week. The dormitories are contrasted with the cheap boarding-houses clerks could afford to live in for another dollar a week. Employers insist that, if the matter were put to vote among their own people, ninety per cent. of them would want to continue living in. Marriage, too, is said to be common enough among clerks who are of age—about one-third of the average sales-force is married and "lives out," but takes meals at the shop.

The present writer inspected several living-in plants connected with large London shops, and was led to conclude that, on one hand, the system is often administered in a way that makes it much less objectionable than opponents insist it is, and, on the other, that it is still wrong from certain economical and moral standpoints.



First, This Boy is Sent to a Draper's Shop in a Small Provincial Town

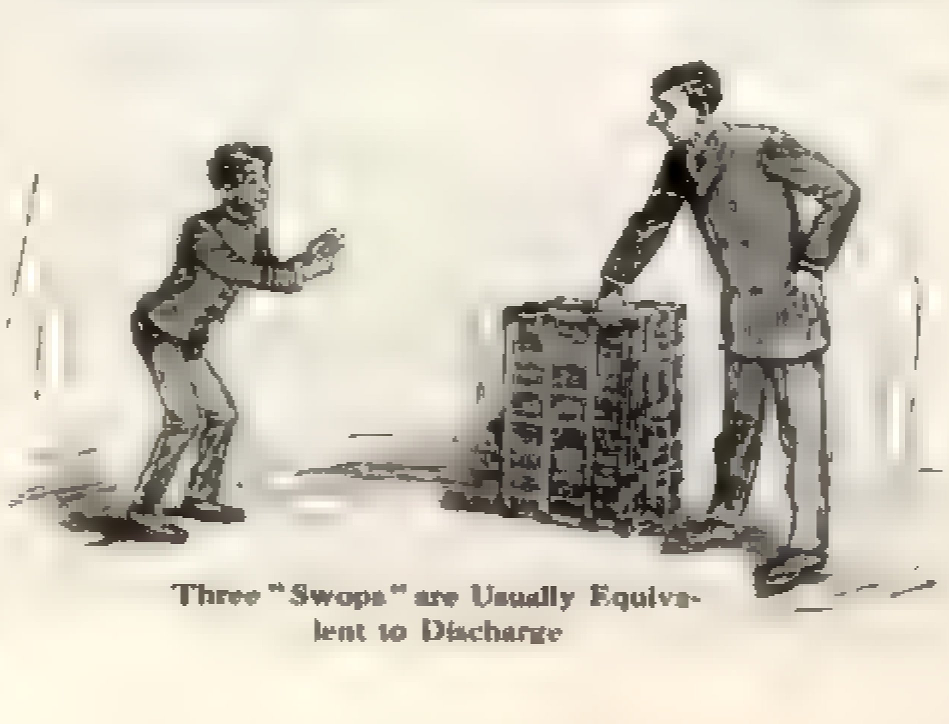
The first establishment visited was in the heart of retail London, housed in a motley group of three and four story buildings of old design. Rents are high there, and space valuable. The management had done all that was possible in arranging dining-rooms and dormitories over the shop; but there were insurmountable obstacles to good lighting and ventilation. Several persons occupied each small bedroom, and the quarters were clearly crowded, but they were clean and comfortable. Baths had been provided, and the rooms were cared for by attendants. Food, though somewhat coarse, appeared to be abundant and good, and cooked in a modern kitchen. The place, on the whole, impressed one as being quite on a level with general living conditions among the English lower-middle class, and employees seemed to be well fed, hale and happy. The manager of this shop said he kept up the system partly because the company had a considerable investment in it, and also because he believed his assistants preferred it to living outside. He envied some of the suburban shops where, with cheaper rents and new buildings, it had been possible to design model dormitories. He was an employer of decidedly advanced ideas. As an instance, he had, for several years, kept his eye on receipts during the noon-hour, with the thought that it might, ultimately, be practicable to close the place altogether at noon, letting clerks eat lunch together and have a short interval for rest and companionship. This radical innovation, he finds, is still too costly. But, as the noon receipts bear a lessening ratio to the shop's increasing receipts for the day, it comes nearer as a possibility, and later will doubtless be brought about with the coöperation of the shopping public.

Another shop lies away from the Regent Street retail centre, yet also far from the reasonable rents of the suburbs. Its thousand employees are housed in two dormitories. The men live in a large building near by, and the women in two rows of old residences on opposite sides of an adjoining street. This manager, too, maintained that his people preferred to live in. They are better cared for and better fed than in boarding-houses, and less lonely. The dormitories have reading and billiard rooms, with other club features, and look not unlike the typical Railroad Young Men's Christian Association in this country. There is, undoubtedly, a healthy fraternal life in this work-force, and it must count greatly in efficiency. A field for outdoor sports is maintained by the firm, seven minutes away by underground railroad, and the shop has numerous football, cricket, tennis, boating, swimming and athletic clubs, as well as social clubs for men and women.

"We tried not long ago to enter our boat crew at Henley," said a big usher in this shop, "but they ruled us out, sir. They said we were in trade. That wasn't the reason, though. Bless you! we've put it over everything else on the river!"

Still another representative living-in plant, showing the system at its best, is located in the suburbs. Rents are lower here, and new buildings were constructed especially for housing employees. They seem to lack nothing in the way of heating, ventilation, light, sanitary conveniences and comforts.

The large shops of London are having the same effect as our department stores on the workday. It is continually being shortened. From 6:30 to 8:30 is now an average in the larger establishments, and some close at two o'clock Saturdays all the year round.



Three "Swops" are Usually Equivalent to Discharge

Some of the employers have already abolished the living-in system. All of the shops inspected had abolished the dreaded "swop," and many of the crueler fines. Conditions are steadily improving, helped by the inspection of the London County Council, which enforces a law requiring seats for assistants. Employers who adhere to the system say, "If we are as bad as the agitators assert, let Parliament inspect and regulate us."

If this system were twice as well administered, however, it would be reprehensible on broad moral grounds. That is one reason why it will probably be abolished within a few years. The public sentiment that is being roused against it, justly or otherwise, may bring this about. But public sentiment must hasten or it will disappear of itself, without agitation, through purely competitive business causes.

England's Wholesale Coddling Devices

THIS system is wrong morally because it is paternal, and part of that vast machinery for "coddling" that blights English character. England has too many charities, too many pension schemes, too much pity for the unemployed. There is a certain soft-heartedness in the English that leads them to be perpetually providing for people who ought to be encouraged to take care of themselves. The shop proprietor honestly commends himself for the fatherly protection he exercises over his thousand workpeople. But they would be better human units in the business sense if they lived in five hundred homes maintained by their own efforts, and were paid better wages, and it would be good for the house-furnishing trade.

Apart from this, though, an entering wedge has been inserted beneath the economic foundation of the system—which is something more than sentiment.

Some years ago living in was quite common in the English grocery trade. Then, suddenly, came the "multiple shop"—which is known in the United States as the "chain of stores"—extending across the whole kingdom, and under one management. These shops bid for the best class of clerks. As only a few men were needed in each store no arrangements were made for boarding employees. As a result, all the better clerks were attracted to these multiple shops, and individual grocers had to abolish the system in self-defense, paying a decent equivalent in wages.

The same thing is happening in the London drapery trade. Several of the best shops have abolished living in, and the greater independence, with higher wages, attracts the best class of labor. One of the largest of these shops, soon to be opened under American management, is to be organized with no facilities for boarding assistants. They are to be given wages sufficient to live as they please, and, as preparation for the opening, many of them were sent to the United States to study American retail methods. They have gone back with views certain to affect existing conditions, along with other forces working to the same end.

Within five years the American visitor to London may find that, while the shop-assistant's courtesy and attentiveness have not decreased, the stimulus behind him is different.

Another Ideal Shattered

ACTUALITY is a very brutal thing when you stack it up against the idols and the ideals of fiction. This is notably true of the people who happen to be the originals of the leading characters of Robert Hichens' story, The Garden of Allah. As most people know, the book ends in a supreme tragedy of renunciation. The monk-lover returns to his cell among the silent brotherhood and the woman goes her own way in the world.

But the story as it actually happened was this: The monk and the woman met just as Hichens describes it. Then came the separation. In some underground way the monk learned of the birth of his child. He could no longer endure the separation and joined his wife. Together they went to London to live. But, contrary to all expectations, and in violation of the best traditions of fiction, they did not live happily ever afterward. Instead they are living most *unhappily*. Perhaps the London fogs are not so conducive to temperamental harmony as the glamour that hangs over the desert.

Hichens, by the way, is now living in Sicily and is at work on a new novel. He usually isolates himself when he is engaged on a story. Then he puts it through without interruption. No sooner is the story finished than he seeks relaxation in months of travel. Hichens' original ambition was to be a musician.

THE PARTNERS

By Stewart Edward White

AUTHOR OF THE BLAZED TRAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

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CHAPTER XIII

THE duel had now come to grapples. Orde was fighting for his very life. The notes given by Newmark and Orde would come due by the beginning of the following summer. Before that time Orde must be able to meet them personally, or, as by the agreement with Newmark, his stock in the boom company would be turned in to the firm. This would, of course, spell nearly a total loss of it, so far as Orde was concerned

The chief anxiety under which the riverman labored, however, was the imminent prospect of losing under the mortgage all the Northern Peninsula timber. He had thought that the firm would be able to step in for its redemption, even if he personally found himself unable to meet the obligation. Three hundred million feet would seem to be too important a matter to let go under so small a mortgage. Now, as the time approached, he realized that if he could not pay the notes the firm would certainly be unable to do so. What with the second mortgage, due two years later, and to be met by Newmark, with the outstanding obligations; with the new enterprise of the vessels ordered from Duncan McLeod, Newmark and Orde would be unable to raise anything like the necessary amount. To his personal anxieties Orde added a deep and bitter self-reproach at having involved his partner in what amounted to a total loss.

Spurred doubly by these considerations, then, he fell upon the woods work with unparalleled ferocity. A cut and sale of the forty million feet remaining of the firm's up-river holdings, together with the tolls to be collected for driving the river that spring, would, if everything went right and no change in the situation took place, bring Orde through the venture almost literally by "the skin of his teeth." To cut forty million feet, even in these latter days of improvements then unknown, would be a task to strain to the utmost every resource of energy, pluck, equipment and organization. In 1880–81 the operators on the river laughed good-humoredly over an evident madness.

Nevertheless Orde accomplished the task. To be sure, he was largely helped by a favorable winter. The cold weather came early and continued late. Freezing preceded the snow, which was deep enough for good traveling and to assure abundant freshet water in the spring, but not too deep to interfere with the work. Orde increased his woods force; and, contrary to his custom, he drove them mercilessly. He was that winter his own walking-boss, and lived constantly in the woods. The Rough Red had charge of the banking, where his aggressive, brutal personality kept the rollways free from congestion. For congestion there means delay in unloading the sleighs, and that in turn means a drag in the woods work near the skidways at the other end of the line. Tom North and Tim Nolan and Johnny Sims and Jim Denning were foremen back in the forest. Every one had an idea, more or less vague, that the Old Fellow had his back to the wall. Late into the night the rude torches, made quite simply from a brownstone jug full of oil and with a wick in the neck, cast their flickering glare over the ice of the haul-roads. And though generally in that part of Michigan the thaws begin by the first or second week in March, this year zero weather continued even to the eighth of April. When the drive started, far up toward headwaters, the cut was banked for miles along the stream, forty million feet of it to the last timber.

The strain over, Orde slept the clock around and awoke to the further but familiar task of driving the river. He was very tired; but his spirit was at peace. As always after the event, he looked back on his anxieties with a faint amusement over their futility. From Taylor he had several communications. The lawyer confessed himself baffled as to the purpose and basis of the Land Office investigation. The whole affair appeared to be tangled in a maze of technicalities and a snarl of red tape which it would take some time to unravel. In the mean time Taylor was enjoying himself, and was almost extravagant in his delight over the climate and attractions of Southern California.

Orde did not worry over this delay. He saw his way clear to meeting his obligations without the necessity of hypothecating the California timber, and was the better pleased for it. With the break-up of spring he started confidently with the largest drive in the history of the river, a matter of over two hundred million feet.

This tremendous mass of timber moved practically in three sections. The first and smallest comprised probably thirty millions. It started from the lowermost rollways on the river, drove rapidly through the more unobstructed reaches, and was early pocketed above Monrovia in the company's distributing booms. The second and largest section of a hundred million came from the main river and its largest tributaries. It, too, made a safe drive, and was brought to rest in the main booms and in a series of temporary or emergency booms built along the right bank and up-stream from the main works. The third section, containing a remainder of about seventy million, had by the twenty-sixth of June reached the slack water above the city of Redding.

The morning of June 26 dawned clear. Orde was early on the road before the heat of the day. He drove his buckboard rapidly over the twelve miles that separated his home from the distributing booms, for he wanted at once to avoid the heat of the first sun and to arrive at the commencement of the day's work. After a glance at the river he entered the tiny office and set about the examination of the tally sheets left by the foreman. While he was engaged in this checking, the foreman, Tom North, entered.

"The river's rising a little," he remarked conversationally, as he reached for the second set of tally boards.

"You're crazy," muttered Orde without looking up. "It's clear as a bell, and there have been no rains reported from anywhere."

"It's rising, just the same," insisted North, going out.

An hour later Orde, having finished his clerical work, walked out over the booms. The water certainly had risen, and considerably at that. A decided current sucked through the interstices in the piling. The penned logs moved uneasily.

"I should think it was rising!" said Orde to himself as he watched the slowly moving water. "I wonder what's up. It can't be merely those rains three days ago."

By three o'clock in the afternoon Jimmy Powers reported a rise since morning of six inches. The current had proportionately increased in power.

"Tom," said Orde to the old riverman, "I'm going to send Marsh down for the pile-drivers and some cable. The barge company has some fifteen-inch manilla."

North laughed.

"What in blazes do you expect to do with that?"

"We may need them," Orde stated with conviction. "Everything's safe enough now, and probably will continue so, but I can't afford to take chances. If those logs ever break through they'll go on out to Lake Michigan and there they wouldn't be worth the salvage."

Tom North stared at his principal in surprise.

"That's a mighty long chance," he commented. "Never knew you to come so near croaking before, Jack."

"If this drive goes out it surely busts me," replied Orde, "and I'm not taking even long chances."

Captain Marsh, returning with the Sprite, brought an evening paper and news from the telegraph offices. A cloudburst in the China Creek district followed by continued heavy rains was responsible for the increased water. The papers mentioned this only incidentally, and in explanation. Their columns were filled with an account of the big log jam that had formed above the iron railroad bridge. The planing-mill's booms had given way under pressure and the contents had piled down-stream against the buttresses. Before steps could be taken to clear the way the head of the drive, hurried by the excess water, had piled in on top. Immediately a jam formed, increasing in weight each moment, until practically the entire third section had piled up back of the bridge.

The papers occupied themselves with the picturesque side of the affair. None expressed any anxiety as to the bridge. It was a new structure, each of whose bents weighed over a hundred tons. A fall of a few inches only would suffice to lock the jam solidly, thus relieving whatever pressure the mass exerted against the iron bridge. That the water would shortly go down was, of course, inevitable at this time of year. It would be a big jam for the rivermen to break, however.

"Do you think you'll go up there?" asked North.

Orde shook his head.

"They're in a nice pickle," he acknowledged; "but Nolan's in charge and will do his best. I think we may have troubles of our own right here at home."

He slept that night at the booms. The water, contrary to all expectation, rose steadily. By morning it had crept so far up the piles that there began to be danger that it would overflow their tops. In that case, of course, the logs in the booms would also run out.

"Guess it's time we did a little work," remarked Orde.

He set a crew of men to raising the height of the piling by tying logs firmly to the bolted timbers atop. This would take care of an extra two feet of water—a two feet beyond all previous records. Another crew stretched the fifteen-inch manilla cables across the field of logs in order to segregate them into several units of mass, and so prevent them from piling up at the down-stream end of the inclosure. The pile-driver began to drop its hammer at spots of weakness. In spite of the accelerated current and the increased volume of the river, everything was soon shipshape and safe.

"We're all right now," said Orde. "The only thing I'm a little uneasy about is those confounded temporary booms up-stream. Still they're all right, unless they get to piling up. Then we'll have to see what we can do to hold them. I think, as soon as the Driver is through down at the sorting end, she'd better drive a few clumps of piles to strengthen the swing when it is shut. Then, if the logs pile down on us from above, we can hold them there."

About two hours later the pile-driver moved up. The swing was opened; and the men began to drive clumps of piles in such a position as to strengthen the swing when the latter should be shut. It was a slow job.

Long before the task was finished the logs in the temporary booms had begun to slide atop one another, to cross and tangle, until at last the river bed inside the booms was filled with a jam of formidable dimensions. From beneath it the water boiled in eddies. Orde, looking at it, roused himself to sudden activity.

"Get a move on," he advised Captain Aspinwall, of the Driver. "If that jam breaks on us we want to be ready, and if it don't break before you get this swing strengthened, maybe we can hold her where she is. There's no earthly doubt that those boom piles will never stand up when they get the full pressure of the freshet."

He departed up-river on a tour of inspection, from which he returned almost immediately.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" he cried. "She can't last much longer!"

Indeed, even to the men on the pile-driver, evidences of the pressure sustained by the slender boom piles were not wanting. Above the steady gurgle of the water and the intermittent puffing and other noises of the work, they could hear a creaking and groaning of timbers full of portent to those who could read the signs.

The Driver's crew labored desperately, hoisting the piles into the carriage, tripping the heavy hammer, sending it aloft again, binding feverishly the clumps of piles together by means of cables. Each man worked with an eye over his shoulder, fearful of the power that menaced him.

Two of the clumps had been placed and bound; a third was nearly finished, when, suddenly, with a crack and a roar, the upper booms gave way, projecting their logs upon the opening and the Driver.

The half-dozen members of the crew, caught utterly unawares in spite of the half-warning they had been receiving for an hour past, were scattered by the winds of panic. Two or three flung themselves on their faces; several ran from one end of the scow to the other; one leaped into the river! Imminent destruction seemed upon them.

Tom North, at the winch that operated the arm of the swing, however, retained his presence of mind. At the first sag outward of the boom piles he set in operation the machinery that closed the gate. Clumsy and slow as was his mechanism, he nevertheless succeeded in getting the long arm started. The logs, rushing in back of it, hurried it shut. Immediately they jammed again, and heaped up in a formidable tangle behind the barrier. Tom North, his little black pipe between his teeth, stood calm, the lever of his winch in his hand. A short three feet from the spot on which he stood, the first sawlog of the many that might have overwhelmed him thrust forward its ugly head. The wash of the water lifted the huge pile-driver bodily and deposited it with a crash half on the bank and half in the water.

Instantly after the first break Orde had commenced running out over the booms from the shore.

"Good boy, Tom!" he shot at North as he passed.

Across the breast of the jam he hurried, and to the other bank where the pile-driver lay. The crew had recovered from their panic, and were ashore gazing curiously underneath the scow. Captain Aspinwall examined the supports of the derrick on deck.

"That was lucky," said Orde briefly to Aspinwall. "How's the damage? Stove you in?"

"I—I don't think so," replied the captain, turning a rather perturbed face to Orde.

"That's good. I'll send over the tug to help get her afloat. We've got our work cut out for us now. As soon as you're afloat blow your whistle and I'll come over to tell you what to do."

"You don't expect me to work my driver under the face of that jam!" cried the captain.

"Certainly," snapped Orde, wheeling.

"Not me!" said Aspinwall positively. "I know when I've got enough."

"What's the matter?" asked Orde.

"It isn't safe," replied the captain, "and I don't intend to risk the lives of my men or my driver."

Orde stood for a moment stock-still; then, with a snort of anger, he leaped to the deck, seized the man by the neck and thrust him bodily over the side to the bank.

"Safe, you white-livered skunk!" he roared. "Safe! Go over in the middle of that ten-acre lot and lie down on your face and see if you feel safe there! Get out—the whole pack of you! I'm in charge here now."

Captain Aspinwall picked himself up, his face red with anger.

"Get off my driver," he snarled. "Put that man off."

Orde seized a short, heavy bar.

"This driver is requisitioned," said he. "Get out! I haven't time to fool with you. I've got to save my logs."

They hesitated; and while they did so Tom North and some others of the crew came running across the jam.

"Get a cable to the winch," Orde shouted at these, as soon as they were within hearing; "and get Marsh up here with the Sprite. We've got to get afloat."

He paid no more attention to the ejected crew. The latter, overawed by the rivermen, who now gathered in full force, took the part of spectators.

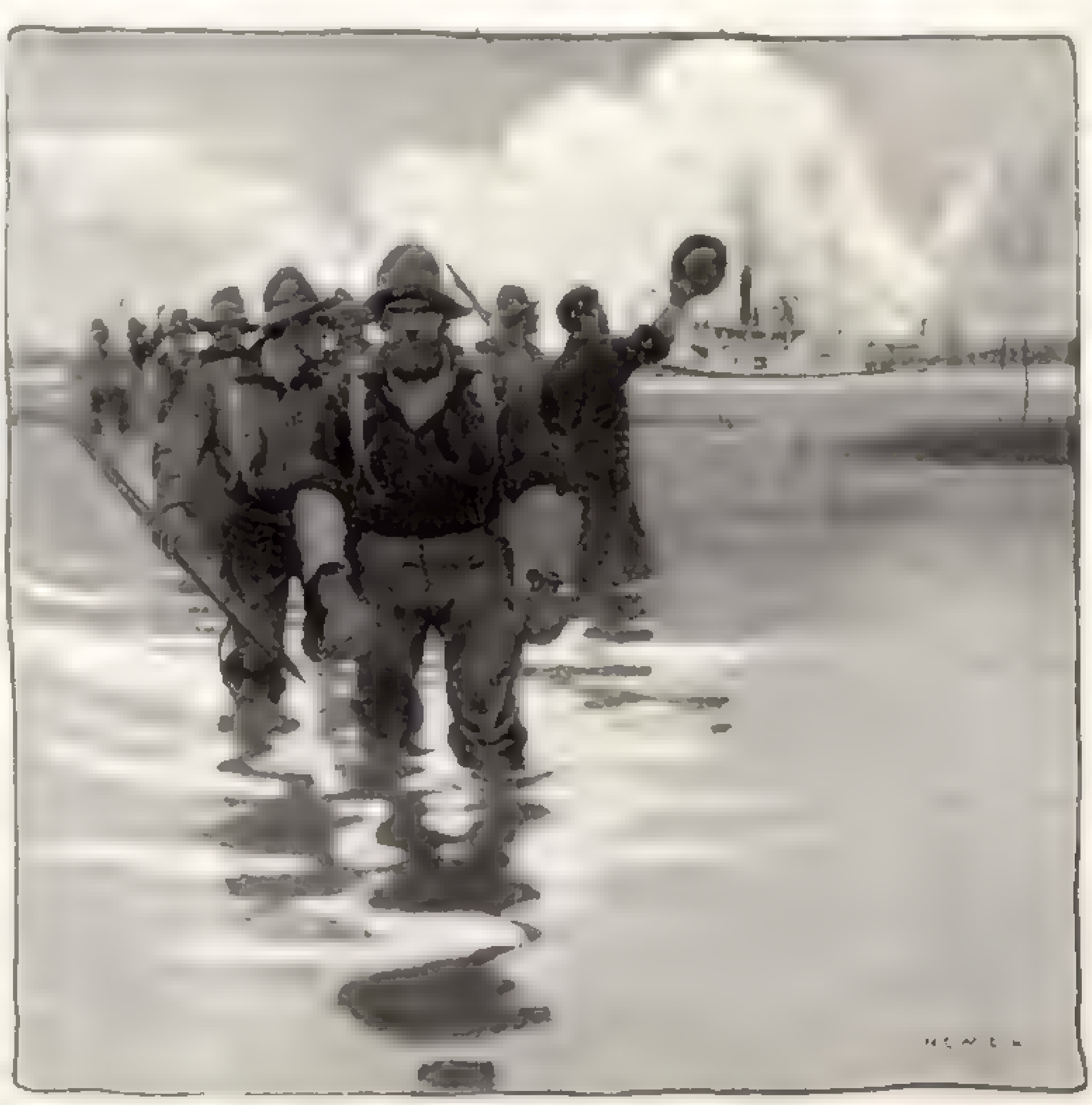
A few minutes' hard work put the Driver afloat. Fortunately its raft of piles had not become detached in the upheaval.

"Tom," said Orde briskly to North, "you know the pile-driver business. Pick out your crew and take charge."

In ten seconds of time the situation had changed from one of comparative safety to one of extreme gravity. The logs, broken loose from the upper temporary booms, now jammed against the swing and against the other logs already filling the main booms. Already the pressure was beginning to tell, as the water banked up behind the mass. The fifteen-inch cables tightened slowly but mightily; some of the piles began to groan and rub one against the other; here and there a log deliberately upended above the level.

Orde took charge of the situation in its entirety, as a general might. He set North immediately to driving clumps, each of sixteen piles, bound to solidity by chains, and so arranged in angles and slants as to direct the enormous pressure toward either bank, thus splitting the enemy's power. The small driver owned by the boom company drove similar clumps here, there and everywhere that need arose or weakness developed. Seventy-five men opposed to the weight of twenty million tons of logs and a river of water the expedients invented by determination and desperation.

Darkness came. No one stopped for food. By the light of lanterns the struggle went on, doubly terrifying in the mystery of night. By day the men could at least judge of the probabilities of a break. At night they had to work blindly, uncertain at what moment the forces they could not see would cut loose to overwhelm them. Now the crying of the timbers became especially terrifying.



After Them Wafted the Rather Disorganized Strains of "Whoa, Emma!"

Morning found no change in the situation. The water rose steadily; the logs grew more and more restive; the defenses weaker and more inadequate. Orde brought out steaming pails of coffee, which the men gulped down between moments. No one thought of quitting. They were afire with the flame of combat, and were set obstinately on winning even in the face of odds. About ten o'clock they were reënforced by men from the mills down-stream. The owners of those mills had no mind to lose their logs. Another pile-driver was also sent up from the Government work. Without this assistance the jam must surely have gone out. Spectators marveled how it held as it did. The mass seemed constantly to quiver on the edge of motion. Here and there over the surface of the jam single logs could be seen popping suddenly into the air, propelled as an apple seed is projected from between a boy's thumb and forefinger. Some of the fifteen-inch cables stretched to the shore parted. One, which passed once around an oak tree before reaching its shore anchorage, actually buried itself out of sight in the hard wood. Bunches of piles bent, twisted, or were cut off as though they had been but shocks of Indian corn. The current had become so swift that the tugs could not hold the drivers against it, and, as a consequence, before commencing operations, special moving piles had to be driven. Each minute threatened to bring an end to the jam, yet it held, and, without rest, the dogged little insects under its face toiled to gain an inch on the waters.

CHAPTER XIV

ALL that day and the next night the fight was hand to hand, without the opportunity of a breathing space. Then Orde, bareheaded and disheveled, strung to a high excitement, but cool as a veteran under fire, began to be harassed by annoyances. The piles provided for the drivers gave out. Newmark left, ostensibly to purchase more. He did not return. Tom North and Jim Denning, their eyes burning deep in their heads for lack of sleep, came to Orde holding to him symbolically their empty hands.

"No more piles," they said briefly.

"Get 'em," said Orde with equal brevity. "Newmark will have enough here shortly. In the mean time, get 'em."

North and his friend disappeared, taking with them the crews of the drivers and the two tugs. After an interval they returned towing small rafts of the long timbers. Orde did not make any inquiries, nor until days later did he see a copy of the newspaper telling how a lawless gang of rivermen had driven away the railroad men and stolen the railroad's property. These piles lasted five or six hours. Tom North placed and drove them accurately and deliberately, quite unmindful of the constant danger. A cold fire seemed to consume the man, inflaming his courage and his dogged obstinacy. Once a wing of the jam broke suddenly just as his crew had placed a pile in the carrier. The scow was picked up, whirled around, carried bodily a hundred feet and deposited finally with a crash. The instant the craft steadied, and even before any one could tell whether or not the danger was past, Tom cut loose the hammer and drove that pile.

"I put you in that carrier to be *drove!*" he shouted viciously, "and drove you'll be if we *are* goin' to hell!"

When the Spray shouldered the scow back to position that one pile was left standing upright in the channel, a monument to the blind determination of the man.

Fortunately the wing-break carried with it but a few logs; but it sufficed to show if demonstration were needed, what would happen if any more serious break should occur.

Orde was everywhere. Long since he had lost his hat, and over his forehead and into his eyes the strands of his hair whipped tousled and unkempt. Miles and miles he traveled, running along the tops of the booms, over the surface of the jam, spying the weakening places, and hurrying to them a rescue. He seemed tireless, omnipresent, alive to every need. It was as though his personality alone held in correlation these struggling forces; as though, were he to relax for an instant his efforts, they would burst forth with the explosion of long-pent energies. Toward noon the piles gave out again.

"Where in thunder is Newmark?" exploded Orde, and immediately was himself again, controlled and resourceful. He sent North and a crew of men to cut piles from standing timber in farm woodlots near the river.

"Haul them out with your winch," said he. "If the owners object, stand them off with your peavies. Get them anyway."

About three of the afternoon the Lucy Belle splattered up-stream from the village carrying an excursion to see the jam. Captain Simpson brought her as close in as possible. The waves raised by her awkward paddle-wheel and her clumsy lines surged among the logs and piles. Orde looked on this with distrust.

(Continued on Page 27)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1908

A Promising Security Market

THE Pennsylvania Railroad and several other big corporations that have given out information on the subject say that the number of holders of their shares increased very materially in 1907. The increase is mostly attributed to buying, for investment, of small lots when the stocks were cheap. The buyers, that is, belong to the class that should, logically, have been frightened most.

Since the middle of January money in New York has been one and a half to two per cent. lower than it was last year, and sales of railroad and industrial bonds, to the middle of February, were nearly twice as large.

The one condition predicates the other, and it might seem foolish to mention the fact but that a good many people keep on saying that bonds were fairly unsalable in the latter half of 1907 because the President had destroyed confidence.

What was necessary then to the purchase of bonds was not confidence, but loose cash, and there was none.

In Wall Street, we learn with pleasure, they are anticipating an exceptionally good bond market along in the spring and summer, based upon expectations of easy money, and quite undisturbed by any forebodings as to what the President may be saying

In short, the people who have most to do with the security market—whatever insinuations to the contrary they may think it politic to utter for campaign purposes—really expect that water will keep on running downhill.

Gambling in Commodities

WHETHER grain and cotton growers get, on the whole, a better price for their products because of the enormous speculation in them has been debated time out of mind, without any conclusion. The argument is especially lively just now when the general subject of speculation is receiving much attention.

There is no doubt as to what the farmers themselves think upon the subject, although that, of course, is not conclusive. But it is quite obvious that, if growers do get more because of the gambling, then consumers pay more on account of it.

First and last, a lot of money is made out of this gambling. Otherwise it would not continue. Whether the bull finally gets this money, or the bear, or simply the broker, does not matter. Whoever gets it does not earn a penny of it. He does not produce or transport or distribute a bushel of grain or a pound of cotton. He contributes absolutely nothing to industry itself. He merely sits outside and bets on it. So the money that is made in speculation, whatever the amount and whoever receives it, is just so much scooped out of the wealth that the country produces, with no return on the scooper's part. Poker-playing, if sufficiently extensive, might help the ivory trade; but that would not justify it.

Business and Beauty in Two Cities

PERHAPS we are all learning something from the trusts. When one of them comes into possession of a dozen plants it shuts down four or five of them, transferring their business to others which are more advantageously situated for making or distributing that particular product. The aim is to avoid wasteful duplication.

New York has two grand opera houses. The Metropolitan announces an organization for the ensuing year on a scale more elaborate than ever before. In Chicago, according to the press of that city, they are planning to tear down their one grand opera house and devote the space to uses that will yield higher dividends. New York has spent many millions, and is anxious to spend more if the debt limit can be raised, on mere beauty—river embankments and the like. New York will not tolerate a smoke nuisance, because it makes the town dirty. Chicago still tolerates one because it is cheaper to burn soft coal.

Without multiplying comparisons, we wonder if there is not in all this the teaching of the trusts; if the half-conscious but constant aim is not to make of the one town a place bright, beautiful, attractive to the leisured and the traveled, and of the other simply a plant to do business in. Having one first-class establishment, well situated, for recreation and beauty, the trust economy would be to enlarge and improve that one, instead of wastefully duplicating it elsewhere.

Is that really the guiding principle of the dominant forces in Chicago?

Are City High Schools Making Good?

THERE are 500,000 pupils in the public schools of New York City. In the fifth grade there are 75,000, or one-eighth of the whole. From that point the number declines rapidly, and less than four per cent. of the whole are in the high schools.

Last year there were 21,000 graduates from the grammar schools, of whom under 13,000 entered the high schools, while nearly 7000 left the high schools during the first year's course. The number in the fourth year of the high schools was under 2000, or about one-third of one per cent. of the total public-school register. There were 1787 graduates from the high schools, of whom 335 entered college. The high schools, with under four per cent. of the total pupils, take eleven per cent. of the total cost of instruction. The cost per pupil is $95.73 (which compares with $49.31 in Chicago, by the way), against $31.61 in the elementary schools.

Not that cost, in itself, is any argument; but is the city high school, organized mostly as a preparatory school to fit pupils for college, really justifying itself?

Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton and a number of other strong institutions admit students upon examination only. The high-school graduate, in order to enter one of those universities, must have a great mass of what he has learned in high school in such command that he can use it under the trying conditions of a test examination. As a matter of fact, the average high-school graduate requires many weeks of hard review work before he can pass the entrance examinations, and often a year.

The city high school, organized as a preparatory school for college, needs, we think, examination and consideration.

The Immortal James

MR. HOWELLS once mentioned good-naturedly the little boys of newspaper criticism who love to throw a stone at a window-light whenever they see one. Announcement of a definitive edition of the novels of Henry James produces the clatter of broken glass that one would naturally expect. But the fact is, the house stands—one of the very few that have been erected in the field of lighter literature in this country in our time.

To criticise James in the journalistic way, as a thing of the hour, is as futile as to discuss what would have happened if Napoleon had won at Waterloo. For a long time the general critical voice has been against him, and his novels have not been within hailing distance of the six best sellers. For a long time, also, it has been perfectly evident that each contemned, unbought book that he wrote would be as permanently embedded in the literary history of our times as any fact is in the political history; while as to every acclaimed, sought-after novel it has been equally clear that no one could say whether it would outlive its year.

Proverbially, the artist appeals to posterity. Some there are, like James, who, by their contemporaneous position, become classic and historic in their lifetimes; who take a pledge from posterity while they are still quick; who know they cannot be rubbed off the slate.

That ought to be a happy position for the artist—to have got, at least, within the doors of the court of last resort to which all artists proverbially appeal. But is it really a happy one? While the facile critics praise and the giddy public buys some novel that must take a very long chance of survival, is Mr. James, for example, quite happy in his certainty of surviving? Or is he, perchance, a bit sore, and rather ready to swap future, at a heavy discount, for present? We wonder.

Cackling Over a Very Stale Egg

THE most agitated and agitating gentlemen in the country are those—by no means inconsiderable in number and station—who cry without ceasing that we must have no more agitation. If they think so, why don't they keep still? To say that we are trembling on the verge of a bottomless abyss from which naught can save us if anybody makes a loud noise, and to say it in tones that start the bark from trees, is not conducive to tranquillity.

Some day the muck-raker will be justly written up. He was, in fact, a most modest person, bespectacled, of studious mien and deliberate habit, thinking only, methodically, of his humble daily task. Plying his garden implement, in umbrageous and homely industry, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a raging band who delivered the astounding charge that he was digging up the foundations of society. Ever since he has been pondering the experience in round-eyed and dumb amazement.

To depreciate the power of the press does not exactly lie in the way of our trade. But no writings did it; nor yet did Roosevelt do it. There was nothing new. Every oppressive practice of the Oil Trust was fully stated a dozen or more years ago by Henry D. Lloyd. Corruption and extravagance in life insurance were all brought out in the Beers case. Rotten city politics was a commonplace to everybody. Railroad rebates were as much within common knowledge as the change of the seasons. Harriman's manipulation of Union Pacific was a quite conservative piece of business compared with McLeod's well-known manipulation of Reading.

The spirit of the nation was ready this time. It would have flamed out against the sins of business and politics, anyway.

Mating by Mail

WE ALWAYS find occasion for grief when a matrimonial agency is "pinched" by the postal authorities and its large clientèle exposed to the scoffs of an unromantic world. In every case the clientèle is large, so there must be something in human nature to which this proposition of dropping two dollars in the slot, with the eyes shut, and drawing a spouse, extensively appeals.

Marriage is a lottery. Those who, with fond naïveté, just take a ticket for the general drawing and trust all to fate, instead of being scorned, should be the objects of sentimental appreciation.

Mr. Hiram Johnson, for example, can personally apprise several spinsters of his acquaintance who, in spite of various minor deficiencies, might become suitable helpmeets. But in the unseen, illimitable world of women must surely be that perfect female whose image—although no discreet married man will admit it—dwells in all male hearts. Hiram takes the loftier chance. As an arrow shot into the air, he incloses a two-dollar bill and his photograph, showing him sleekly barbered, in his Sunday clothes, and his expression—as near as he and the photographer can get it—that of humble and tender receptiveness. Modestly, yet with that poetic license which is proper to courtship, he schedules his substance, and with unskilled words seeks to tell the unknown fair that in person and circumstance he is really more like her Prince Charming than his whiskers and celluloid collar might suggest.

It isn't right to laugh at Hiram; and we have grave doubts about the harshly repressive policy of the postal authorities with respect to matrimonial agencies. The records show that comparatively few of their clients marry one another, anyway.

As to Turning Socialist

RESOLVING that "the time has come when we should have as a definite object the socialization of the means of production and distribution," the English Labor party naturally produced a commotion.

It might have resolved that "the time has come when legislation should be shaped with a view to the needs of the least fortunate" without offending anybody; and its actual program under the one resolution would have been precisely the same as under the other. It would still have sought old-age pensions, workingman's insurance, better tenement and factory laws and the like objects with which every Englishman is familiar, and which, in fact, have the theoretical sanction of both the old parties.

It isn't that the English Socialist party, or the German, or French, is actually doing anything, or is likely to do anything, that is essentially different from what various other parties have attempted. The free coinage of silver here ten years ago would have been an act more revolutionary, in the way of disturbing basic conditions, than any that the German Socialists have come within a hundred miles of.

The great offense of the word lies in the fact that it announces the intention of people to say what their own particular interests are and to press for them whether anybody else likes it or not.

The Kaiser, more than once, has quite philosophically accepted defeat of his projects at the hands of the aristocracy. When the Socialists oppose his military plans—ineffectually—he bitterly denounces them as a horde unworthy to bear the names of Germans. Opposition from workmen galls his kibe.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Tiny Tim, of Corrugated Brow and Portentous Countenance

The Pink Waistcoat

BEING serious is a trade, but being taken seriously is an art. Almost all of us are born journeymen at the trade, but the bulk of us are so earnestly engaged in taking ourselves seriously that we have no time to extend the compliment to others. Thus, when a person can get others to take him at his own estimate he has deposited a large handful of salt on the tail of the bird called Fame.

This is especially true in politics. It is as impossible to be successful with the proletariat at the polls if you are suspected of harboring a frivolous thought as it is to carry home a custard pie in a paper bag on a slippery night. You must be grave, sombre and commonplace, and your advancement depends entirely on the degree to which you cultivate these qualities. The Great American Public turns down its myriad thumbs on the man who ever allows himself to emit a spark, as a general rule. It is true that some brilliant men have bulged into public life; but, in most cases, they reformed after they got there and became as stodgy as the specifications require.

The country is speckled with men who are round-shouldered with dignity and who spend their time in thinking great thoughts. They are in office. They have buncoed the people into thinking as seriously of them as they pretend to think of themselves. Of course, they had the foundations. They were born serious. They early learned the value of this asset, and they cultivated it and fertilized it and impressed it on the people, and, presently, they reached the goal for which they strove—they got on the pay-roll.

Viewed in this light, the case of the Honorable Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, is especially sad. Mr. Woodruff is a serious man. He is solemn, sedate, staid, sober, important. He weighs his words, and they are weighty. He adheres rigidly to all the rules of the game. He never misses a trick, never overlooks a bet. To be sure, Nature rather came it on him by giving him a face that looks like a lithograph of a talented young leading man, but even that handicap has been overcome by years of nourishing of a corrugated brow and a most portentous expression of countenance. There never has been a time in all his career that Mr. Woodruff has not intended to be as serious as the new member from Kankakee thinks he is. He has worked at it assiduously. For more than twenty years he has tried to get the public to consider him in his true light.

Making Mock of Tiny Tim

THE public is perverse, not to say fickle. Demanding seriousness in all its servants, it has steadfastly flouted Mr. Woodruff, who is the most sombre man on earth. It has scorned his advances. It has japed and jeered at him when he put forth his claims. It has laughed and leered and mocked at him. Tim Woodruff serious? Say not so. We know Tim—Tiny Tim—and he is a joke, is about the way the public phrases it. Nay, nay, Timothy, back to the mines for you. We want public servants who shall be momentous up to the moment. We like you, think you are a fine young chap, but that is about as far as you will get.

When the political reporters are speculating about nominations they write all they can think of about the place and what the politics of it is, and then seek to grab a little more space by saying: "Among those mentioned for the nomination are——" and string out a list of names. Timothy L. Woodruff is the greatest among-those-mentioned politicians in the wide, wide world. He has been among those mentioned for every place in New York State and some outside of it, and the only reward he has reaped for all this steady application of his name for preferment has been a few terms as Lieutenant-Governor of New York. The Lieutenant-Governor of New York is a most respectable official, whose only occupation is to watch the health of the Governor carefully and wonder if he intends to live forever. Most Governors of New York have foiled their Lieutenant-Governors by going through their terms like quarter-horses, rarely feeling an ache or a pain. All of Tim's did, anyhow.

Every time there is talk of electing a new Senator from New York the name of Woodruff is mentioned. Every time there is a campaign on for Governor the name of Woodruff is mentioned. Every time New York thinks she needs a Vice-Presidential candidate the name of Woodruff is mentioned. He is mentioned for ambassador, for mayor, for keeper of the Brooklyn Bridge, for chief of police at Coney Island, for delegate-at-large. Just at present, word has trickled out of Brooklyn that Timothy L. Woodruff is mentioned for the Republican candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Secretary Taft. Likely as not he will be mentioned as New York's candidate for President before the fight is over. It would surprise nobody. All would take it as perfectly natural if Tim should be mentioned next time a king dies across the water.

They mention him lavishly. His name always leads all the rest until the balloting comes along, and then somebody else wins, and Tim goes back to Brooklyn and waits until it is mention time again. A year or so ago he did manage to get something more. They made him chairman of the Republican State Committee, which was a fine job at that particular time, inasmuch as the subject of campaign contributions was most ticklish with the usual campaign contributors, and there was nothing doing in war-chest supplies except what Tim supplied himself.

Woodruff lives in Brooklyn. Living in Brooklyn, to a New York man, is a jest, and living in New York, to a Brooklyn man, is a crime. It may be both are right, but that is neither here nor there. The fact is, Woodruff lives in Brooklyn, and in that city made a large amount of money as a manufacturer. He is rich. Also, he is as shrewd and hard-headed and far-seeing a business man as there is in the State. When he left Yale, with a degree, a bulldog and a passion for pink waistcoats, he lit on a patent tonic preparation, and before Brooklyn had discovered what was happening was on his way to prosperity. He was a handsome chap and he had an eye for color. He satisfied that longing with his waistcoats. Undoubtedly he regrets that he was not born color-blind; for, when he got beyond the local politics stage and blew into a State convention with a Brooklyn delegation, the ribald reporters who were there neglected the politics to write columns about the Woodruff waistcoats. Woodruff thought this was great—for a time. It advertised him, which was what he wanted.

Pink Waistcoats and Political Preferment

PRETTY soon he woke up. He discovered, after he had been "mentioned" a few times and had landed nowhere but in the scrap-heap when the nominations were made, that pink waistcoats and political preferment do not jibe. He tore off his fancy vests and put on black ones, black as the inner recesses of the caves of gloom. It was no use. The waistcoat stigma was fastened as firmly to him as if some of the fancy patterns he formerly wore had been tattooed on his manly bosom. He couldn't get away from it. No man can wear a red vest and receive the suffrages of a grave and thinking and, to some extent, vestless people.

Mark you, he was serious then, as he is now. He merely gratified his inner estheticism by his riot of color over his stomach. He meant nothing by it, but he will never live it down. For years and years he has shunned all suspicion of color in his attire, but it will not do. His waistcoat is a type, just as the funny square cap the cartoonists put on the head of Labor in their cartoons is. No laborer in the world ever wore such a cap, but the cap is always there. So is Woodruff's fancy vest.

He has struggled manfully against the brand. He has toiled desperately, terrifically, to make the people forget the color effects and think of him as a most dignified and sombre citizen. He has failed. The people will not do it. They refuse to consider him outside of a pink waistcoat with green chrysanthemums on it. If he had gone to that first convention with no waistcoat at all it would have been all right. There would have been no jests and no complaints. But he was young, enthusiastic, accustomed to swathe himself in gaudy colors, and he little recked the years of "among those mentioned" that would follow his resplendent appearance on that first occasion.

Among those mentioned—mentioned for everything from Vice-President all along the line, with nothing following the mention but cheers for the other fellow; because behind him stalks that ghostly procession of pink and purple and piebald vests; because, serious as a heart bowed down, nobody will take him seriously: nobody, not even his long-time friend and leader, Thomas C. Platt, who, on a certain historical occasion, when Woodruff was "mentioned," asked: "Great Scott, has it tapered down to Tim?"

Eagle Screams at Twenty Per

VICTOR MURDOCK, Representative from Kansas, was editor of the Wichita Eagle when he was elected to Congress. The Eagle is owned by the Murdock family, and Victor was paid twenty dollars a week for his services, with his interest in the profits, of course. When Murdock got back from Congress last March his brother came to him and said: "Vic, I wish you would turn in and write some editorials. We're short-handed." Murdock went to his old desk and ground out editorials for a week. Then pay-day came. He went down to the office and said to his brother, who is business manager:

"Tom, what do I get for my week's work? Remember, I'm a high-priced man now and get $7500 a year from the Government."

"Well, Vic," said his brother, "I've been thinking about that. We've talked it over, and I have put you back on the pay-roll for your old salary of twenty dollars a week. You may be a high-priced statesman, but we've got a good line on your editorial work for the Eagle."

The Trick Watch-Dog

THE Congressional Story-Tellers' Club got together as soon as Congress met, organized for the session, and heard some of the tales the members had gathered during the recess.

"The relations between the Treasury Department and the banks in New York," said a member, "remind me of a man I knew out in Missouri who bought an Airedale terrier pup. Those are smart dogs, and he trained his to do all sorts of tricks, including carrying buckets and baskets in his mouth, and going to market, and all that.

"This was supposed to be a good watch-dog, but one night my friend came home very late. He met a burglar coming out of his house loaded down with loot, and the trick watch-dog was walking in front of him carrying a lantern."

The Hall of Fame

ℭ Engineer Shonts, whose daughter married a Duke the other day, plays the violin for recreation—his own.

ℭ Former Vice-President Levi P. Morton is a hotel proprietor. He owns the Shoreham Hotel in Washington.

ℭ Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, is a gray-whiskered, ruddy-cheeked man who refuses to grow old.

ℭ Francis E. Leupp, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was for many years Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post.

ℭ Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster-General and political organizer, wanted to be a biologist, but Fate made him a politician.

ℭ Representative J. Breck Perkins, of Rochester, New York, is the most noted author in the House. He has written several French histories.

ℭ "Sleuth" J. L. Bristow, who was Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General for several years, and official fraud unearther for President McKinley, now runs a daily newspaper at Salina, Kansas.

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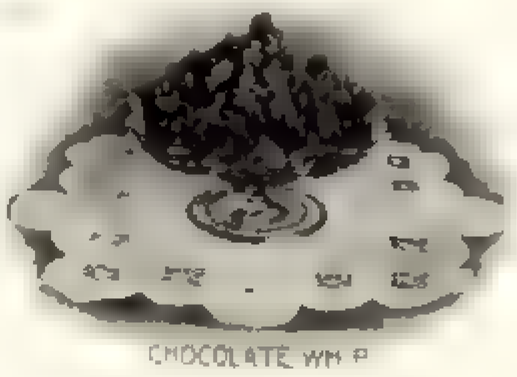

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The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capital

SOMEBODY called Washington the City of Magnificent Distances once, and the name has stuck, although nobody knew what it meant until recently. What the prophet who applied the description to the town had in mind, undoubtedly, was the new Union Station, which will be the most wonderful building of its kind in the world when it is finished. As it is, the station is a magnificent distance from any part of the city you may pick, even if you choose the street-car line nearest it.

Everybody who got off a train in Washington for twenty years grumbled at the two dirty and ramshackle railroad stations the city had. If a visitor didn't say: "It seems strange to me that Washington, the Capital of the Nation, where Congress meets and the President lives, should have such miserable stations," the people who live here considered themselves cheated out of a part of their legitimate platitudes. The magnificent distance part of it sank into the traveler who came joyously up on a street car with a heavy suitcase and had to carry it pretty nearly to Baltimore before he got his train, for the place is so big that after the plaza—to be has been negotiated there is still a long, weary walk through the station and to the train-sheds.

Just here the old exclamation about the miserable stations changed. Everybody said: "I don't see why it is there are no street cars to the Union Station, with Congress right here and having the say. It's an outrage." That is what it is, but the gentlemen in Congress do not seem to mind it. There has been a proposition before the Senate and House for two years granting permission to the street-railway companies to extend their tracks to the station. Some members have had opinions on the matter. They have decided that the street-railway companies, if they did put in their tracks, should issue universal transfers and do one or two other little things for the public. "Preposterous," shouted the railroad companies. "It cannot be." And, strange as it may seem, there have been, up to this time, sufficient patriots in the Senate and House who are impressed with the woes of the street railroads and do not desire them to take on additional burdens to hold up the legislation. "Never," say these tender-hearted persons, "shall the street railways of Washington be compelled to submit to the indignity of giving universal transfers. Never shall it be said that we have so ignobly realized our duties to our constituents in the far, the middle and the near West, to say nothing of a few sections of the East, as to sit idly by and see the street railways of Washington, District of Columbia, mulcted thus. The street-car men say they do not want to do anything more for the public. They shall not be forced."

Two Wonders and a Miracle

And they haven't been. It doesn't make any difference to the people of Iowa whether a man who wants to take a train in Washington, the Capital of the Nation as has so often been remarked, walks half a mile in mud and slush or stands around in a marble ice-box. That is a purely local question, but you cannot make the people who come into and go out of Washington think so, for the only municipal legislators Washingtonians have are the members of Congress, of which the committees on the District of Columbia in Senate and House act as boards of aldermen. They think that, perhaps, just perhaps, it wouldn't be so infernal an outrage as it seems to make the companies give universal transfers.

Not so with a large number of men in Congress. They are for the street railroads first, last and all the time. No additional burdens shall be imposed on them. Besides, the street-car companies are in no hurry. It will cost about a million dollars, they say, but do not prove, to get an adequate system of trackage across that muddy plaza, and, as they bring people a part of the way on the cars, anyhow, what's the hurry?

Meantime, it looks as if the street railways would win. They have put through a plan for temporary service in the Senate and are working with the House. The Senate plan has no stingers on it like universal transfers. It has no conditions. The Senate knows a deserving corporation when it sees one. The street-railway men are pleading with the members of the House who think the people have some rights in the matter, and have hopes of getting all restrictions removed there, too. And the people who paid taxes to build the station—most magnificent in the world, remember—are walking through the mud and getting the grip in the place, and every time a street-railway man wants to take a train he comes up in an automobile. Some day, in a few years, the thing will be completed. It is a wonder now, and it will be two wonders and a miracle then.

The Phalanx of Fair-Haired Boys

When it comes to getting his name in the paper, coupled with pleasant reading notices, William Howard Taft, Secretary of War and heir-apparent candidate for President, has all the others who have White House ambitions lashed to the mast. He has learned wisdom at the feet of the President, than whom there was never a greater master of the arts and wiles of publicity. Whenever the President has anything to say about a current topic he says it first, and if any person dissents and says so, the dissent will never catch up with the original proposition. Moreover, the President knows the value of the newspapers. He maintains a carefully-selected corps of what are known in the parlance of Newspaper Row as "fair-haired boys," who represent influential newspapers in various parts of the country that support the Presidential policies. These young men, who are all able and active, have access to the President at almost any time and he talks freely to them. Whenever he wants to put out anything, which is frequently, he can get it published in all parts of the country, and if he doesn't want it to be official, but is feeling his way, he gets quick results, and nobody knows his part in it.

Secretary Taft has organized a similar combination. He has selected half a dozen correspondents who represent papers that favor him for President, and they are working like wheel-horses day after day. An enormous amount of Taft enthusiasm is manufactured in Washington and shipped from here for the benefit of all who read the papers, for the Taft publicity promoters are handy men. They know how to write news stories that will have the proper effect, and they know how to get their stories printed. And Taft has filled them with enthusiasm. They really believe all they write. Meantime, the other candidates are getting but desultory press-work. Not many of them have had the value of the President's advice as to turning the trick.

Taft, himself, is so big and so frank and so open and so all that, that it is a delight to talk to him. Apparently, he is booming along, without worry or care, waiting for whatever may turn up. There was a time, not long ago, when one of the young men who writes for the papers as a correspondent here printed a nice piece saying that Taft, notwithstanding the obvious and the tremendous temptation, would do nothing to further his interests by mixing in Federal appointments or anything like that. It was a real, mugwumpish, holier-than-thou piece, and it made a great hit in the community where it was printed, which is that sort of a community.

Taft came back to Washington after a speech-making trip and a lot of correspondents went up to see him. Among the number was a man who had an interest in a certain Federal appointment over which there had been a great row. It was in Taft's State, Ohio. After Taft had jollied everybody and said nothing impressively most of the crowd went out all, in fact, except the young man who had written the non-interference piece about Taft and the one who was interested in the Ohio appointment.

The young man who wrote the nice piece had heard rumors that roused in his bosom the suspicion that, perhaps, Taft was playing a little politics in the way of mixing

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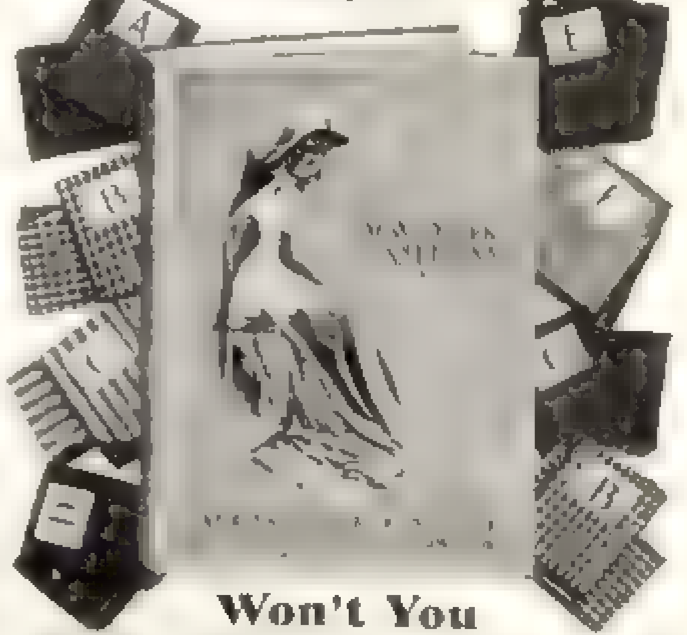

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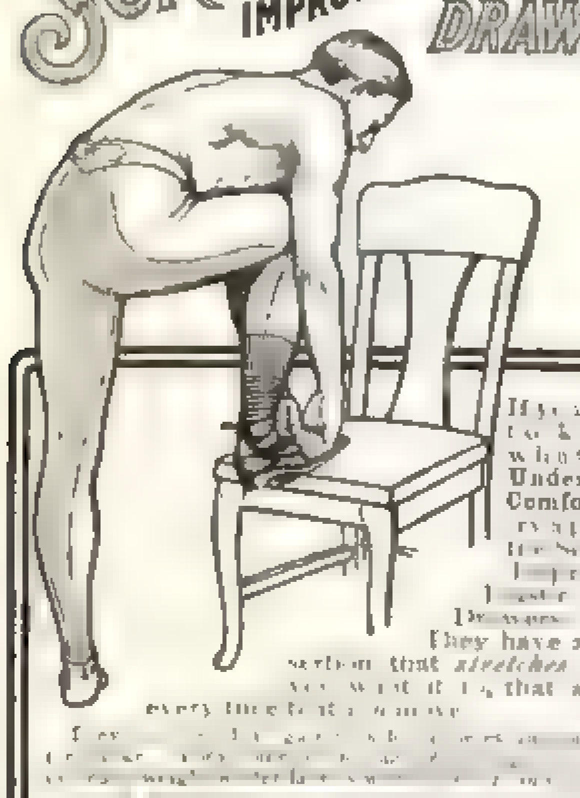

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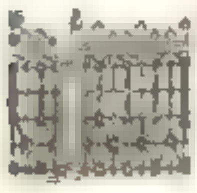

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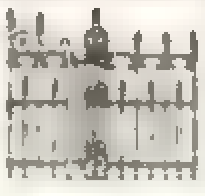

in appointments which would help him get the Ohio delegation. He didn't think it possible, but he wanted to make sure. So he went over to the Secretary's desk and said: "Mr. Taft, of course my story that you are not taking any hand in Federal appointments in Ohio or elsewhere is true, isn't it?"

The crafty Taft smiled a most expansive smile. "My dear boy," he said, "how can you ask me that?"

Well, that seemed to settle it, and the young man left in great glee, forgetting he had not told Taft how he could ask him that. As he passed out of the door Taft turned to the other man, the one who was interested in the appointment, and said: "Now, how about that appointment we were talking of?" And yet there are some people who say he was a judge so long he has forgotten all about politics.

Centrifugal Lift and Tangential Throw

There are some bills that are old friends on the calendar, I am told by one of the clerks who has been here for years. I was watching Senator Penrose the other day and he suddenly got up and introduced a bill. The reading clerk stumbled over the words. I heard "tangential throw" and wondered what it meant, and I went down to see. I found the bill is No. 4267 and its object is "to determine the quantity of the so-called hammer blow, centrifugal lift and tangential throw of the counterbalance of locomotive driving-wheels."

That seemed so abstruse that I asked Senator Penrose about it. "What does it mean?" he boomed; "I'm darned if I know what it means. I have introduced it every year for seven or eight years because a man out in Pittsburg wants me to."

Ever since Senator Stone, of Missouri, came into the Senate he has been trying to get a bill passed that seeks to prevent the importation and sale of impure tea. He has pleaded for this bill, has wept over it on the floor of the Senate, has notified everybody within sound of his voice that the salvation of the country depends on making the bill a law immediately, and nobody knows why as yet. Still, the Senator has this tea question on his mind. He refuses to be stilled. He demands that his tea measure shall go through. Some day he may get it through; and then, again, he may not.

I was sitting in the House gallery and heard Representative Tawney, chairman of the Appropriations Committee and official watch-dog of the Treasury, make a sorrowful plea to the House to be economical. It was Mr. Tawney's opinion, based on figures he held in his hand, that the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. He saw nothing in sight but the red flag of the auctioneer, and he doubted if enough could be realized from the smash to pay Congressional salaries. He said there was so great a demand for appropriations that he was amazed and alarmed. He said the country's revenues were falling, and that if he could allow half of the money requested for various purposes he would be recreant to his trust. He said, long as his experience had been in the House, he had never before been pressed so hard for money by members with schemes, and he felt it his duty to come before the House and plead for economy. He begged the members to cut down their estimates. He said the Treasury would not stand it, that it was nearly empty now, and would be absolutely bare in a few weeks if this sort of thing kept on.

I was scared. I hurried out to write a dispatch. It looked sensational to me. I didn't find anybody else concerned about it. I saw no evidences of perturbation among the other correspondents. They were sitting around and telling stories and writing copy, and I asked one of them: "Did you hear Tawney?"

"No," he replied, "what did he say?"

"Why," I said, "he made a speech pleading for economy and warning Congress that there would be an enormous deficit if the appropriations were not cut down, and all that sort of thing. Looks like a big thing to me."

"Don't lose any sleep about it," he commented. "Tawney and every other chairman of the Appropriations Committee have been making that kind of a yawp since the Congress began. It's ranikaboo for the benefit of the country at large and to enable him to hold off fellows who are yelling for appropriations the leaders do not want them to have. Bunk, my boy, bunk."

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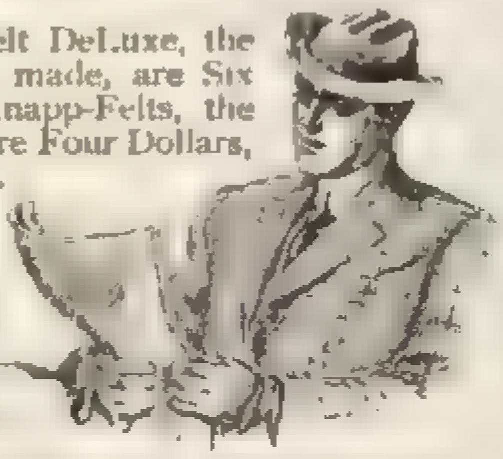

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TYPHOID FEVER

(Concluded from Page 6)

unquestionably a high degree of resistance against it, since not more than one in ten exposed contracts it, and only one in ten of those who contract it dies, we have not the least idea in what direction, so to speak, to build up our resisting powers in order to increase them.

The best remedy is to destroy the disease altogether, and this could be done in five years by intelligent concerted effort. It was at one time supposed that typhoid fever was a disease exclusively confined to adult life; but it is now known to occur frequently in children, though often in such a mild and irregular form as to escape recognition. Something like 70 per cent. of all cases occur between the fifteenth and the fortieth year, and it is, for some reason, though rarer, peculiarly serious and more often fatal after the fiftieth year.

When once the outer wall has been pierced the sack of the city rapidly proceeds. The bacilli multiply everywhere, but seem for some reason to focalize chiefly in the alimentary canal, and especially the middle part of it, the small intestines. After headache, backache and loss of appetite comes usually a mild diarrhœa. This diarrhœa is due to an attack of the bacillus or its toxins upon certain clumps of lymphoid tissue in the wall of the small intestine, known as the "patches of Peyer." This produces inflammation, followed by ulceration, which in severe cases may eat through the wall of a blood-vessel, causing profuse hemorrhages, or even perforate the bowel wall and set up a fatal peritonitis. The temperature begins to swing from two to five degrees above the normal level, following the usual daily vibration, and ranging from 100 degrees to 101 degrees in the morning, up to 102 degrees to 105 degrees in the afternoon. The face becomes flushed.

There is usually comparatively little pain and the patient lies in a sort of mild stupor, paying little attention to his surroundings. He is much enfeebled and seldom cares to lift his head from the pillow. A slight rash appears upon the surface of the body, but this is so faint that it would escape attention unless carefully looked for. Little groups of vesicles, containing clear fluid, appear upon the chest and abdomen. If one of these faint rose-colored spots be pricked with a needle and a drop of blood be drawn, typhoid bacilli will often be found in it, and they will also be present in the clear fluid of the tiny sweat blisters.

This condition will last for from ten days to four weeks, the patient gradually becoming weaker and more apathetic, and the temperature maintaining an afternoon level of 102 to 104 degrees. Then, in the vast majority of cases, a little decline of the temperature will be noticed. The patient begins to take a slight interest in his surroundings. He will perhaps ask for something to drink, or something to eat, instead of apathetically swallowing what is offered to him. Next day the temperature is a little lower still, and within a week, perhaps, will have returned to the normal level. The patient has lost from 20 to 40 pounds, is weak as a kitten, and it may be ten days after the fever has disappeared before he asks to sit up in bed.

Then follows the period of return to health. The patient becomes a walking appetite, and, after weeks of liquid diet, will beg like a spoiled child for cookies or hard apples or pie, or something that he can set his teeth into. But his tissues are still swarming with the bacilli, and any indiscretion, either of diet, exposure or exertion, at this time, may result in forming a secondary colony somewhere in the lungs, the liver or the muscles. He must be kept quiet and warm, and abundantly, but judiciously, fed, for at least three weeks after the disappearance of the fever, if he wishes to avoid the thousand and one ambuscades set by the retreating enemy.

Now, what has happened when recovery begins? One would suppose that either the bacilli had poisoned themselves, exhausted the supplies of nourishment in the body of the patient, so that the fever had "burnt itself out," as we used to say, or that the tissues had rallied from the attack and destroyed or thrown out the invaders. But, on the contrary, we find that our convalescent patient, even after he is up and walking about, is still full of the bacilli.

To put it very crudely, what has really happened is that the body has succeeded in forming such antidotes against the poison of the bacilli that, although they may be present in enormous numbers, they can no longer produce any injurious effect. In other words, it has acquired immunity against this particular germ and its toxin. In fact, one of our newest and most reliable tests for the disease consists in a curious "clumping" or paralyzing power over cultures of the *Bacillus typhosus*, shown by a drop of the patient's blood, even as early as the seventh or eighth day of the illness. And, while it is an immensely difficult and complicated subject, we are justified in saying that this immunity is not merely a substance formed in the body, the stock of which will shortly become exhausted, but a faculty acquired by the body cells, which they will retain, like other results of education, for years, and even for life. When once the body has learned the wrestling trick of throwing and vanquishing a particular germ or bacillus, it no longer has much to dread from that germ. This is why the same individual is seldom attacked the second time by scarlet fever, measles, typhoid and smallpox.

While, however, the individual may be entirely immune to the germs of a given disease, he may be carrying them in his body in enormous numbers, and infect others while escaping himself.

This is peculiarly true of typhoid, and we are beginning to extend our sanitary care over recovered patients, not merely to the end of acute illness, but for the period of at least a month after they have apparently recovered. Several most disquieting cases are on record of so-called "typhoid-carriers," or individuals who, having recovered from the disease itself, carried and spread the infection wherever they went for months and even years afterward. This, however, is probably a rare state of affairs, though a recent German health bulletin reports the discovery of some twenty cases during the past year. The lair of the bacilli is believed to be the gall bladder.

As to treatment, it may be broadly stated that all authorities and schools are for once practically agreed. First, that we have no known specific drug for the cure of the disease. Second, that we are content to take a leaf out of Nature's book, and follow — so to speak — her instinctive methods: first of all, by putting the patient to bed the moment that a reasonable suspicion of the disease is formed; this conserves his strength, and greatly diminishes the danger of serious complications; cases of "walking typhoid" have among the highest death rates: second, by meeting the great instinctive symptom of fever-patients since the world began, thirst — encouraging the patient to drink large quantities of water, taking care, of course, that the water is pure and sterile. The days when we kept fever patients wrapped up to their necks in woolen blankets in hot, stuffy rooms, and rigorously limited the amount of water that they drank — in other words, fought against Nature in the treatment of disease — have passed. A typhoid-fever patient now is not only given all he wants to drink, but encouraged to take more, and some authorities recommend an intake of at least three or four quarts, and better, six and eight quarts a day. This internal bath helps both to allay the temperature, to make good the enormous loss by perspiration from the fevered skin, and to flush the toxins out of the body.

Third, by liberal and regular feeding with preferably some liquid or semi-liquid food, of which milk is the commonest form. The old attitude of mind represented by the proverb, "Feed a cold and starve a fever," has completely disappeared. One of the fathers of modern medicine asked on his death-bed, thirty years ago, that his epitaph should be: "He fed fevers."

Fourth. We respond to the other great thirst of fever patients, for coolness, by sponge baths and tub baths, whenever the temperature rises above a certain degree.

Simple as these methods sound, they are extremely troublesome to put into execution, and require the greatest skill and judgment in their carrying out. But intelligent persistence in the careful elaboration of these methods of Nature has resulted in already cutting the death-rate in two — from fifteen or twenty per cent. to less than ten per cent. — and where the full rigor of the tub bath is carried out it has been brought down to as low as five per cent.

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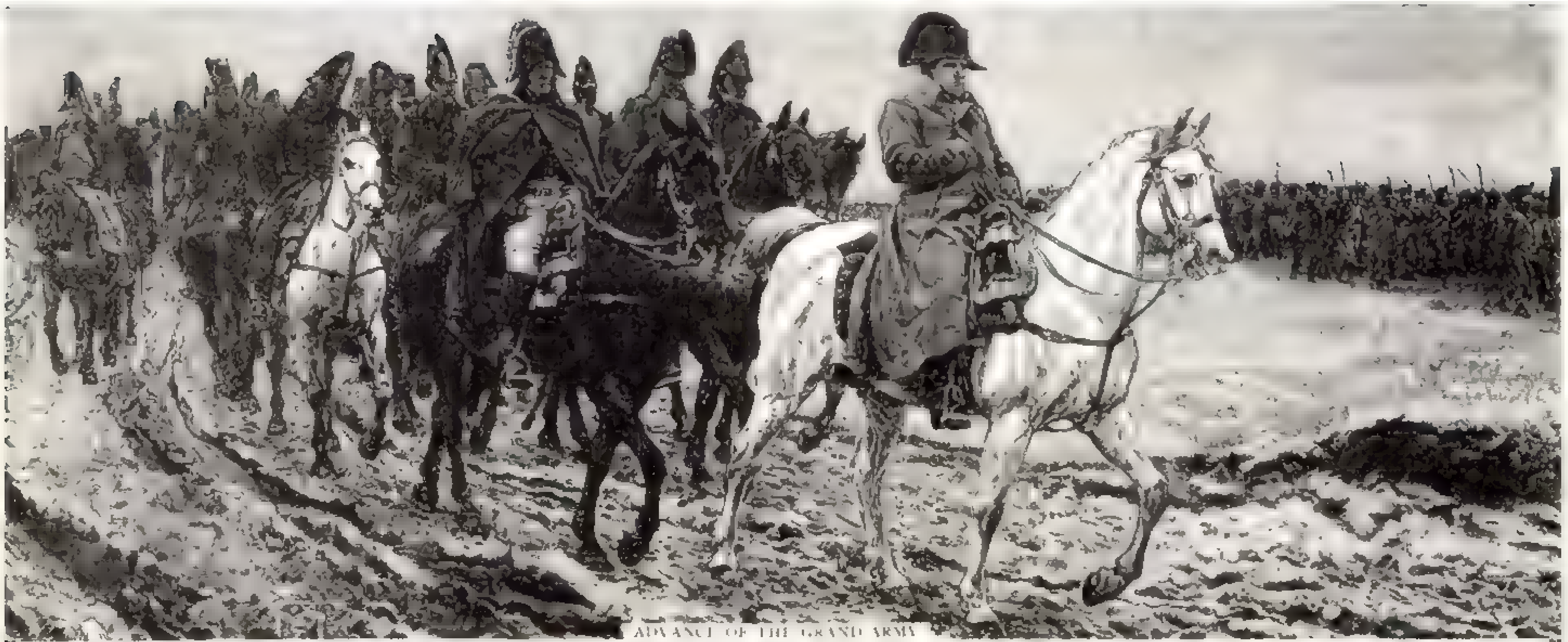

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WHEN BANKS FAIL

THE institution commonly called a bank stands, or should stand, in every community for security. For this reason the phrase, "as solid as a bank," is widely used to denote stability, and, perhaps, no business enterprise is more bound up in the lives, the hopes and the fortunes of the people than a bank.

During the past six months, and growing out of the October panic, various banks and trust companies, particularly in and about New York, have suspended. As a result, people everywhere who have bank deposits, whether savings or otherwise, are taking keener interest in their banking affairs. It is well that they should, because with banking, as with investments, it is highly advisable to know as much as possible about the people who are receiving and using your money. There are facts about bank failures that everybody ought to know.

This week's article, therefore, will deal with bank suspensions, their causes, and the chances the depositors have of getting their money back.

Why Banks Fail

The various kinds of banks and their work have already been explained here, but it is worth while to enumerate them again. There are commercial banks, which include National and State institutions, savings-banks, loan and trust companies and private banks. Each of these banks receives the money of the people on deposit and pays a certain rate of interest for it. The money is employed by the banks to make more money. When the bank fails the largest problem is to restore the deposits to the people as quickly as possible.

The causes of failure are practically the same with all kinds of banks. The principal one is, of course, a lack of ready money, or inability to get money to pay off claims. This lack of money may be due to a variety of reasons. It may be bad management in piling up a lot of bad loans; it may be dishonest officials who have robbed or looted the bank, or used its funds for their own speculations; it may be rumors of insolvency which cause a "run" of frightened depositors; it may be a panic, which always causes a scarcity of cash, or it may be violations of the National or State laws under which banks operate.

Since the word insolvent must be used a great deal in connection with bank failures, it may be helpful to make some explanation of it, because it is widely misused. A bank is insolvent only when its capital is wiped out, and when its assets are insufficient to pay its creditors. A solvent bank, on the other hand, is one that has ample assets, which may be securities or mortgages. Sometimes a perfectly solvent bank is forced to suspend simply because it cannot get hold of enough actual cash to pay its depositors.

When a Bank is Closed

Let us take the case of the National banks first. If you have ever lived in a big city, or even in a smaller one, the chances are that at some time you have seen the following notice posted on the door of a National bank:

> This bank is closed by order of the Comptroller of the Currency.
>
> JOHN SMITH, *Examiner in Charge.*

This means that for some cause the bank is unable to meet its obligations, or has violated some section of the National Bank Act under which it has been doing business. The closing is almost invariably the result of an examination by a National Bank Examiner, who has discovered the bank's insolvency and reported it to the Comptroller.

One of the most common causes of closing is the destruction of the bank's capital by losses. If the Examiner finds that, by reason of bad loans, the capital and surplus (the latter being the undivided profits) have disappeared, it is dangerous to the interests of the depositors to permit the business to go on in this crippled condition. Besides, the National Bank Act provides that the capital must not be impaired.

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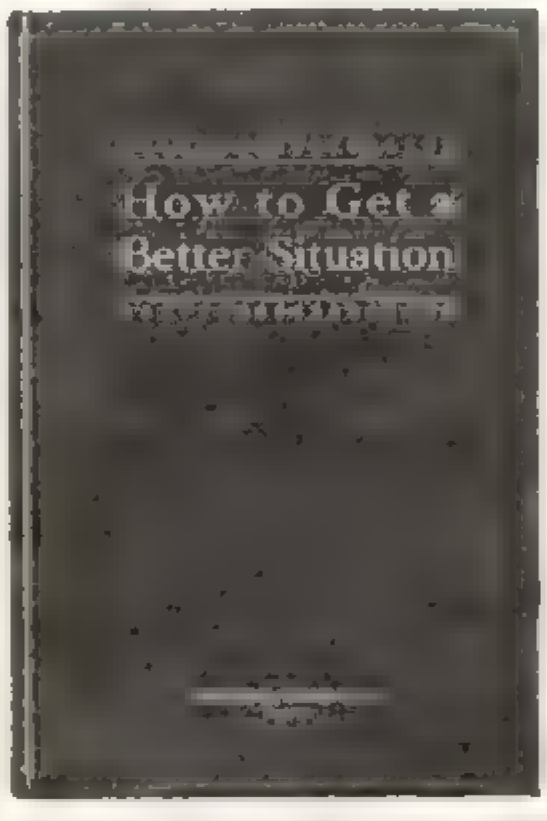

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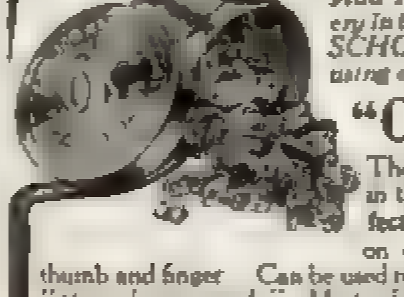

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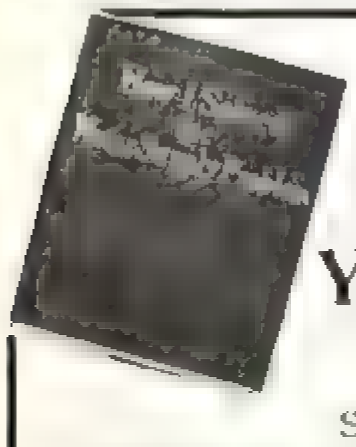

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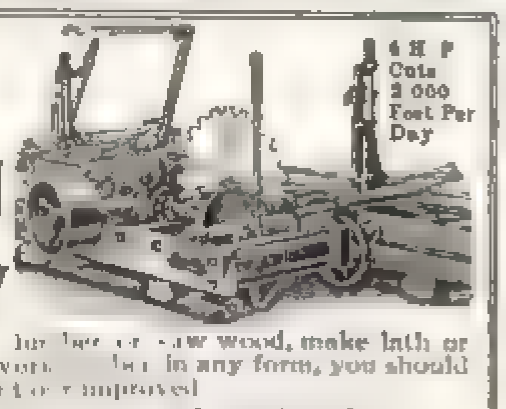

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powerful machinery of the United States Government is set in motion in the interest of the depositor. The usual procedure is for the Comptroller to appoint a receiver, who is always a bank examiner.

It sometimes happens that the initiative for closing a National bank comes from the bank officials, who realize that their assets are impaired and want a cleaning up or a winding up of the bank's affairs. Not long ago the president of one of the big National banks in New York City requested the Comptroller to close it up because there were many discreditable rumors about it.

As soon as the receiver takes charge the authority of the old bank officials ceases. Some of them are retained by the receiver to assist in clerical work or investigation, but no step can be taken, no books or papers removed, without the consent of the receiver or by order of the Comptroller.

Two courses are open to the receiver when he takes charge. One is liquidation, which simply means winding up the affairs of the institution. This is only done in the case of insolvent banks. The other course is a resumption of business. It is always the desire of the Comptroller to resume business when that is possible. The receiver, therefore, makes a prompt investigation into the resources of the closed bank so that he can recommend one of the two courses. His first obligation is to the depositor. In fact, the receiver is the direct representative and attorney for the depositor.

The receiver makes an inventory of the assets and liabilities of the bank. If he is satisfied that the bank is solvent and has only been temporarily embarrassed on account of scarcity of cash, he converts some of its securities into money. When he believes that the bank has ample funds to pay its depositors in full, in case they should all demand their money, he recommends resumption of business to the Comptroller, who officially orders the bank opened. This is what happened recently in the case of the First National Bank of Brooklyn.

Receiverships of Insolvent Banks

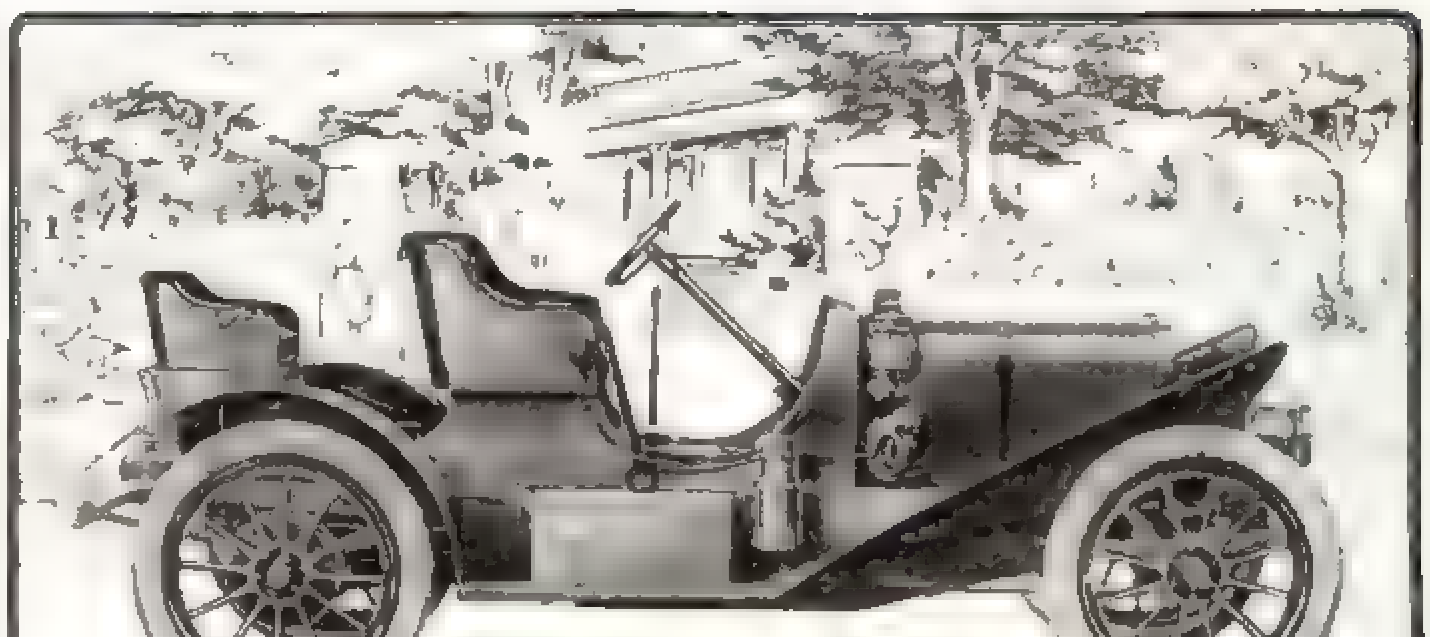
But in the case of insolvent National banks which require liquidation there is a long and elaborate process. Here is where hardship is worked on depositors. Even if they do not lose their money, they do lose the use of it, which is a tax on them. Without money it is difficult or impossible to get credit, and since most business is done on credit, the depositors suffer.

In liquidating an insolvent bank the receiver makes an effort to turn everything available into cash. For example, if depositors have overdrawn their accounts, he compels them to make up the deficit; also he collects loans. By use of what is called "offsets" he equalizes accounts. This can only be done when a man happens to be a depositor and a borrower in the same bank. Assuming that he has a deposit of five thousand dollars, and that he has a note in the bank for three thousand dollars, the receiver simply pays the note with a credit of three thousand dollars, taken from the deposit account. Thus the bank only owes the depositor two thousand dollars. The "offset" can only be made with the maker of a note and not with an indorser.

One of the first steps of the receiver is to recover collateral in excess of loans, which the bank has placed in other banks as security for money borrowed. Since the average life of a receivership is four years, it often happens that its securities greatly increase in value before its affairs are wound up.

The receiver promptly seeks to protect the claims of the depositors. Just as soon as a depositor makes a formal proof of his claim against the bank (usually in the form of his deposit) the receiver issues what is known as a Receiver's Certificate of Proof of Claim, a document certifying that the holder is a creditor of the bank, and indicating the amount of his claim. In exchange for this, the depositor surrenders his pass-book. On the back of the certificate are blank spaces to be filled in with the date and amount of the dividends paid to the depositor. The installments paid to depositors of failed banks are known as dividends. Depositors are paid the legal rate of interest of the State in which the failure occurred from the time the bank closes until its affairs are finally settled.

This receiver's certificate of proof of claim has another value to the depositor because it is a negotiable paper, which means that if the depositor is in actual



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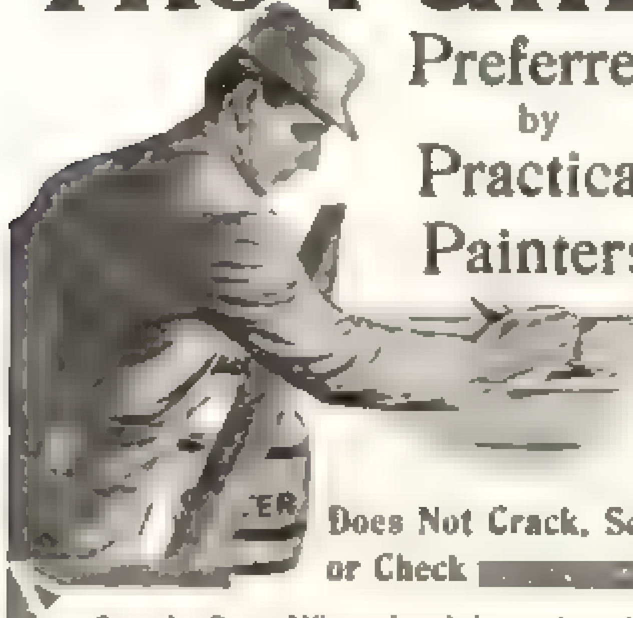

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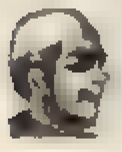

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need of money, and cannot wait until he receives his dividends, he can sell the document or discount it like a note. There are usually loan agents willing to buy up these claims, but they charge the depositors high rates. Depositors who can afford to wait for their money should never sell their claims because the receiver is usually able to advise them as to the period that must elapse before they get all or the greater part of their funds, and with no sacrifice. Banks are frequently willing to start deposits with these certificates, giving the depositor immediate credit on their books for sixty per cent. of the amount represented by the certificate.

In addition to realizing on the assets of the failed bank, the receiver has another chance to raise money. This is through the stockholders. Every holder of stock in a National bank is liable to assessment for the par value of his stock. This means that, if a man has ten shares of par value of one hundred dollars each, he is liable to be called on for one thousand dollars to help pay the bank's debts. He cannot evade the assessment, which is made at the discretion of the Comptroller. It is only made, however, when the assets of the bank are not sufficient to pay the creditors.

The question naturally arises, how do the depositors fare in the end? The reports of the Comptroller show that the losses are small in comparison with the amount of money involved. During the past two years the affairs of three very large National banks have been wound up. With two of them, the Central National of Boston and the First National of Macon, Georgia, both principal and interest were paid in full. By principal is meant the amount of deposits, and by interest, the legal rate from the time of closing to the winding up.

Altogether there have been four hundred and seventy-five failures among National banks, or five per cent. of the total number. Of these twenty-two were restored to solvency. The greatest number of failures occurred in the Western States; the smallest number in the New England States. The greatest number of failures any year was in 1893, when fifty-one banks closed, owing $18,418,031. The depositors lost $4,475,528, or 24.30 per cent. That was a panic year. In 1897 there were thirty-five failures of National banks, but out of $25,535,553 in deposits the depositors only lost $1,244,145, or 4.87 per cent. The smallest loss was in 1902, when two National banks failed and the loss to depositors was $1113, or twenty-nine one-hundredths per cent. In 1906 the amount realized by receivers was in excess of the amount of the liabilities.

Uncle Sam a Preferred Creditor

There is still another interesting detail connected with the liquidation of insolvent National banks. What becomes of its circulation? By circulation is meant the banknotes which the Government has issued in exchange for Government bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. These notes bear the name of the failed bank, and are wandering all over the country performing the work of good banknotes.

What happens is this: The Comptroller sells the bonds which have been deposited, and with actual lawful money of the United States thus secured he pays off the failed bank's notes as they are presented. Thus Uncle Sam is a preferred creditor and does not lose out, because the amount of notes issued can never exceed the par value of the bonds. Sometimes all the notes of a failed bank are never withdrawn.

Thus it is evident that the Government takes every precaution to protect the interests of the depositor in a failed National bank. Depositors would spare themselves much distress of mind if they used commonsense and heeded the following statement, made to the writer by one of the best known of National Bank Examiners, who has wound up some of the largest failed National banks in the United States. This Examiner said:

"Depositors in closed National banks would save much worry and facilitate the settlement of affairs by displaying confidence in the Government's representatives and refraining from putting their affairs into the hands of attorneys and depositors' committees. No person having a claim against a National bank needs an attorney, because the receiver, as the representative of the United States Government, is the attorney for the people."

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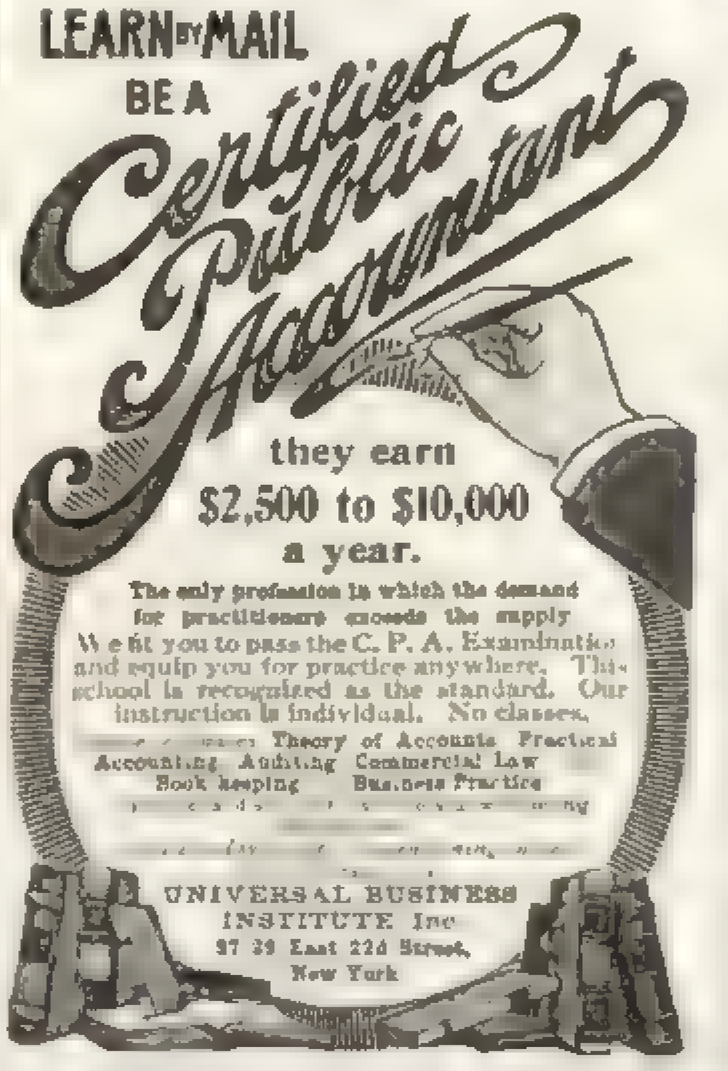

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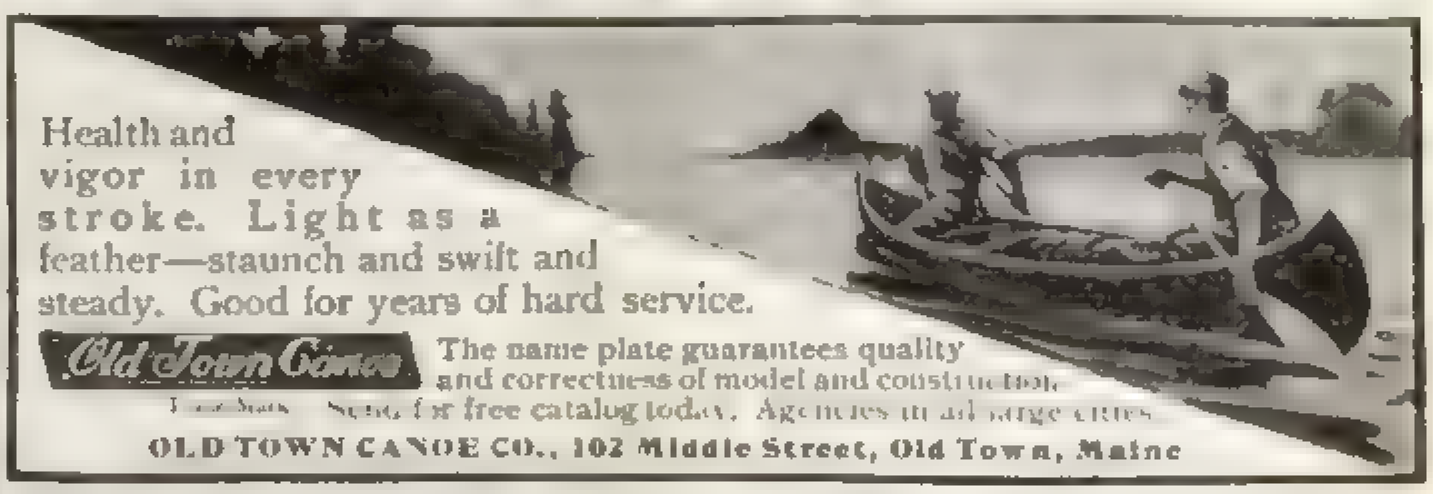

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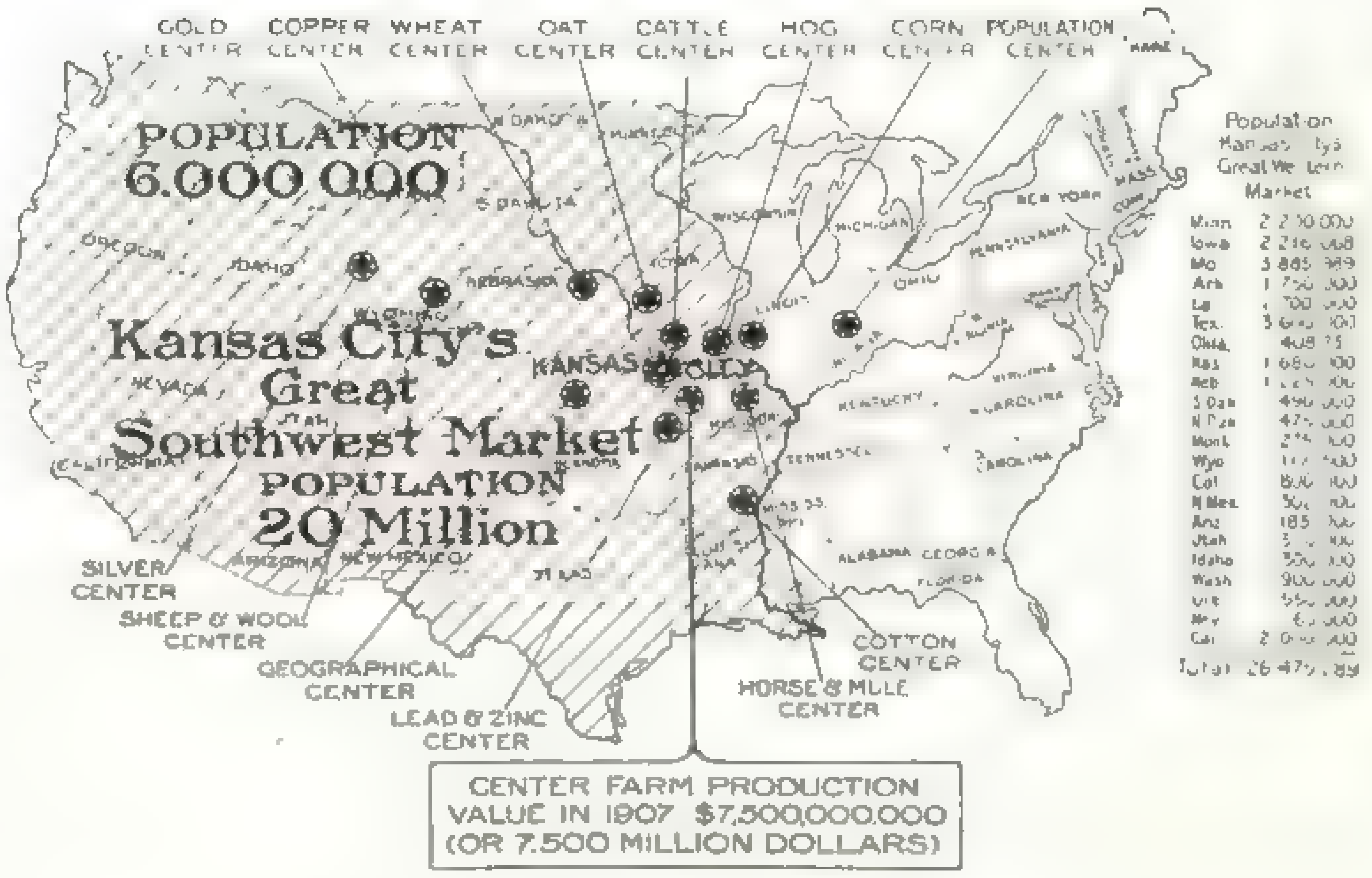
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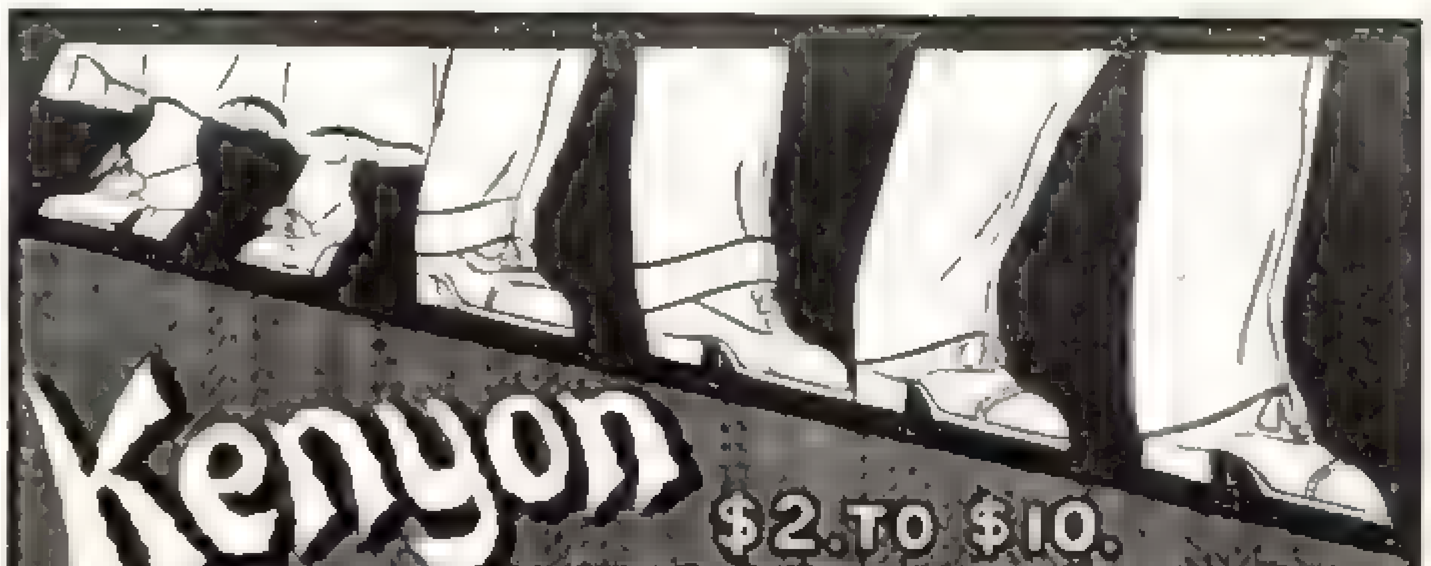

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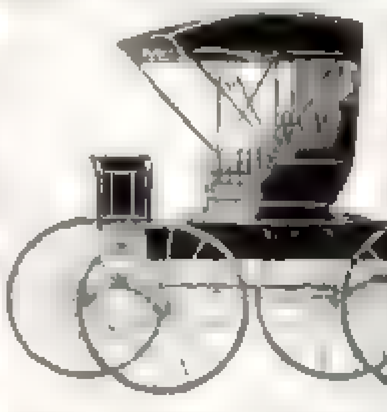

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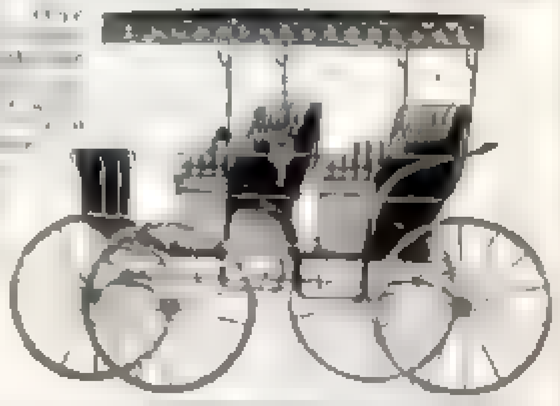

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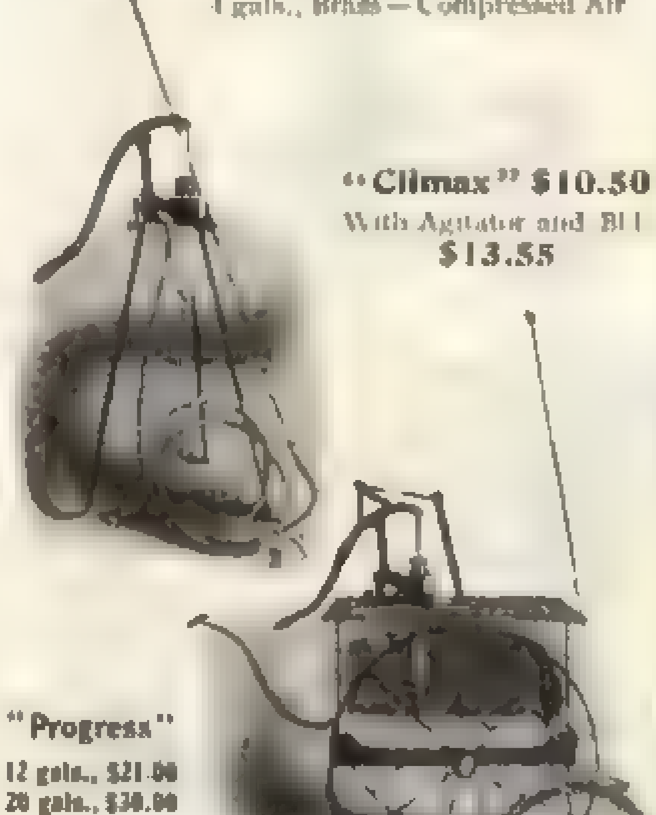

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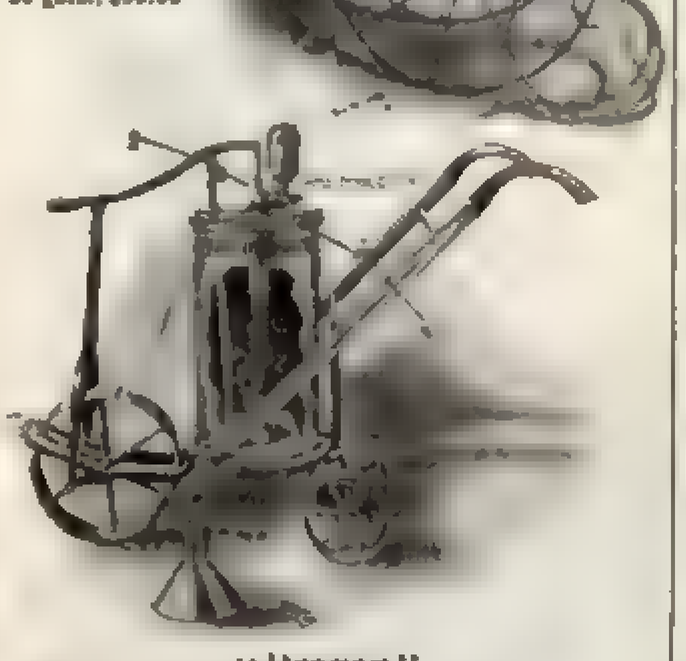

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TIMBERLINE

(Continued from Page 4

they claim Venus and other Greek statuary used to wear."

After this Timberline put on the Lander clothes, but we found that he kept the rags next his skin. This clinging to such worthless things seemed probably the result of destitution, of having had nothing, day after day and month after month. His poor little pay at Rongis, which we found they had always got back from him by one trick or another, was less than half what I now gave him for his services, and I offered to advance him some of this at places where it could be spent; but he told me to keep it until the end.

Yet he did not seem a miser; his willingness to help at anything in camp was unchanging, and a surer test of not being stingy was the indifference he showed to losing or winning the little sums we played at cards for after supper and before bed. The score I kept in my diary revealed him to belong to the losing class. His help in camp was real, not merely well meant; the curious haze or blur in which his mind had seemed to be at the corral cleared away, and he was worth his wages. What he had said he could do he did, and more. And yet, when I looked at him he was, somehow, forever pitiful.

"Do you think anything is the matter with him?" I asked Scipio.

"Only just one thing. He'd oughtn't never to have been born."

"That probably applies to several million people all over this planet."

"Sure," assented Scipio cheerfully. He was not one of these.

"He's so eternally silent!" I said presently.

"A man don't ask to be born," pursued Scipio.

"Parents can't stop to think of that," I returned.

"Hm," mused Scipio. "Somebody or something has taken good care they'll never."

We continued along the trail, engrossed in our several thoughts, and I could hear Timberline, behind us with the pack-horses, singing:

"If that I was where I would be,
Then should I be where I am not."

Our mode of travel had changed at Fort Washakie. There we had left the wagon and put ourselves and our baggage upon horses, because we should presently be in a country where wagons could not go. I suppose that more advice is offered and less taken than of any other free commodity in the world. Before I had settled where to go for sheep nobody could tell me where to go; now almost every one advised some other than the place I had chosen. "Washakie Needles?" they would repeat unfavorably—"Union Peak's nearer"; or, "You go up Jakey's Fork"; or "Red Creek's half as far, and twice as many sheep"; or, "Last spring I seen a ram up Dinwiddie big as a horse."

This discouragement, strung along our road, had small weight with me because it was just the idle talk of those dingy loafers of the Western cabin and saloon who never hunted, never did anything but sit still and know your own business better than you knew it yourself; it was only once that the vigorous words of some by-passer on a horse caused Scipio and me to discuss dropping the Washakie Needles for the country at the head of Green River. We were below Bull Lake, at the forking of the ways; none of us had ever been in the Green River country, while Timberline evidently knew the Washakie Needles well, and this decided us. But Timberline had been thrown into the strangest agitation by our uncertainty. He had said nothing, but he walked about, coming near, going away, sitting down, getting up, instead of placidly watching his fire and cooking; until at last I told him not to worry, that I should keep him and pay him in any case. Then he spoke:

"I didn't hire to go to Green River."

"What have you got against Green River?"

"I hired to go to the Washakie Needles."

His agitation left him immediately upon our turning our faces in that direction. What had so disturbed him we could not guess; but, later that day, Scipio rode up to me, bursting with a solution. He had visited a freighter's camp, a hundred yards off the road in the sage-brush (we were following the Embar trail), and the freighter, upon learning our destination, had said he supposed we were "after the reward." It did not get through my head at once, but when Scipio reminded me of the yellow poster and the murder, it got through fast enough; the body had been found on Owl Creek, and the middle fork of Owl Creek headed among the Washakie Needles. There might be another body—the other Eastern man who had never been seen since—and there was a possible third, the confederate, the cook; many held it was the murderer's best policy to destroy him as well.

Owl Creek yielded no more bodies. Perhaps the victims had been killed separately. They had let it get out somewhere down on the railroad that they carried money; this was their awful mistake, conducting death to them in the shape of the man who had offered himself as their guide, and whom they had taken without more knowledge of him than he disclosed to them himself. Red Dog was his name in Colorado, where he was "wanted." The all-day sitters and drinkers in the cabins along the road had their omniscient word as to this also: *they* could have told those Easterners not to hire Red Dog!

So now we had Timberline accounted for satisfactorily to ourselves: he was "after the reward." We never said this to him, but we worked out his steps from the start. As stock-tender at Rongis he had seen that yellow poster pasted up, and had read it, day after day, with its promise of what to him was a fortune. To Owl Creek he could not go alone, having no money to buy a horse, and being afraid, too, perhaps. If he could only find that missing dead man—or the two of them—he might find a clew. My sheep hunt had dropped like a Providence into his hand.

We got across the hot country where rattlesnakes were thick, where neither man lived nor water ran, and came to the first lone habitation in this new part of the world—a new set of mountains, a new set of creeks. A man stood at the door, watching us come.

"Know him?" I asked Scipio.

"I've heard of him," said Scipio. "He married a squaw."

We were now opposite the man's door, "You folks after the reward?" said he.

"After mountain sheep," I replied, somewhat angry.

We camped some ten miles beyond him, and the next day crossed a not high range, stopping near another cabin for noon. Two men were living here, cutting hay in a wild park. They gave us a quantity of berries they had picked, and we gave them some potatoes.

"After the reward?" said one of them as we rode away, and I contradicted him with temper.

"Lie to 'em," said Scipio. "Say yes." He developed his theory of truthfulness; it was not real falsehood to answer as you chose questions people had no right to ask; in fact, the only real lie was when you denied something wrong you had done. "And I've told hundreds of them, too," he concluded pensively.

Something had begun to weigh upon our cheerfulness in this new country. The reward dogged us, and we met strange actions of people, twice. We came upon some hot sulphur springs and camped near them, with a wide creek between us and another camp. Those people—two men and two women—emerged from their tent, surveyed us, nodded to us, and settled down again. Next morning they had vanished; we could see empty bottles where they had been. And once, coming out of a little valley, we sighted close to us through cottonwoods a horseman leading a pack-horse coming out of the next little valley. He did not nod to us, but pursued his parallel course some three hundred yards off, until a rise in the ground hid him for a while; when this was passed he was no longer where he should have been, abreast of us, but far to the front, galloping away. That was our last sight of him. We spoke of these actions a little. Did these people suspect us, or were they afraid we suspected them? All we ever knew was that suspicion now closed down upon all things like a change of climate. I could no longer look at a rock or a clump of trees without a disagreeable thought. This influence seemed to gather even in the clear

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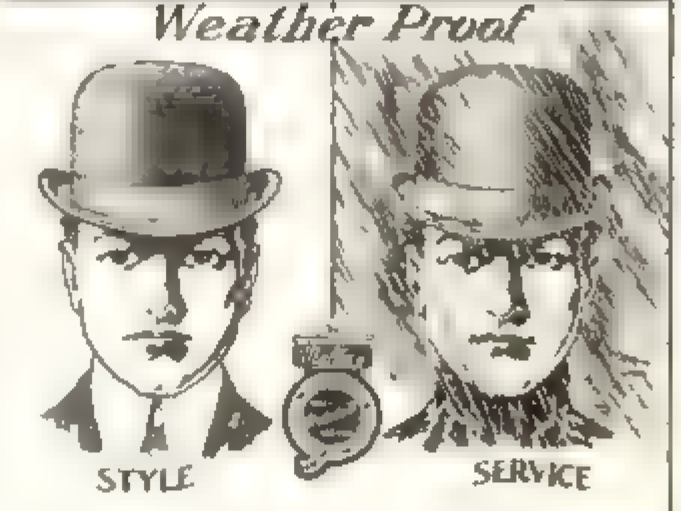

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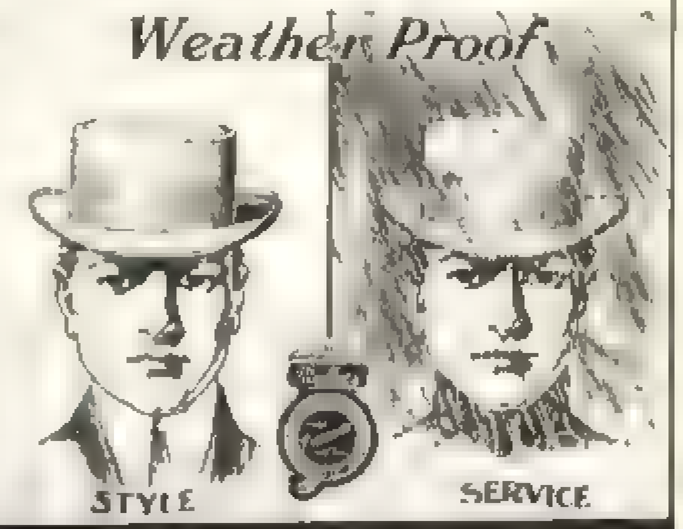

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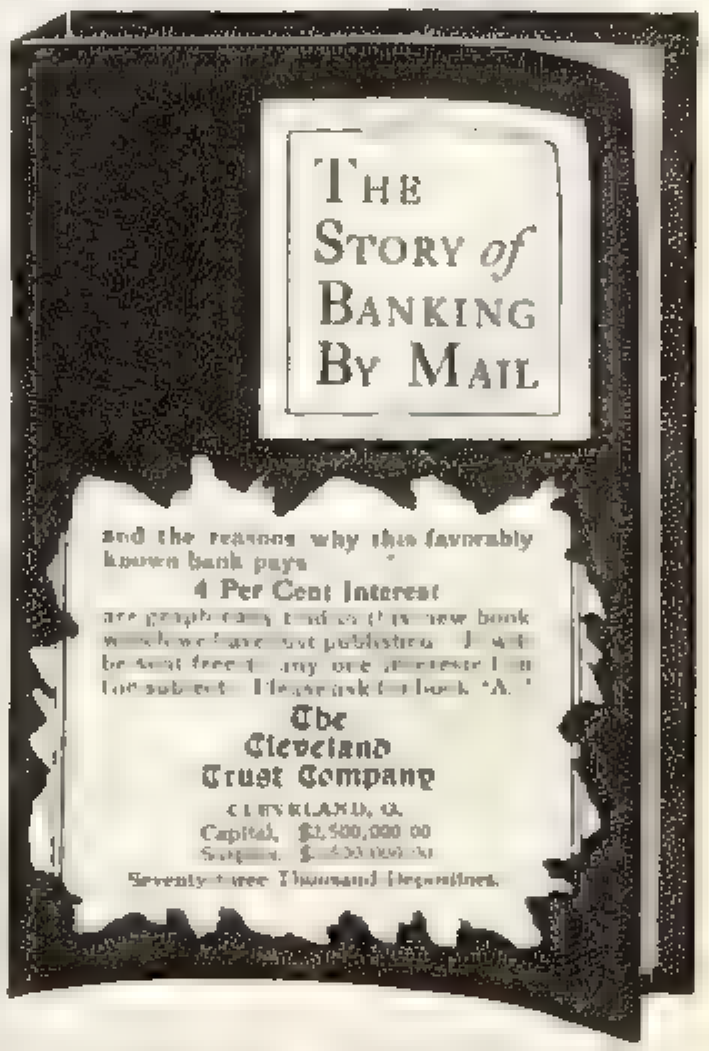

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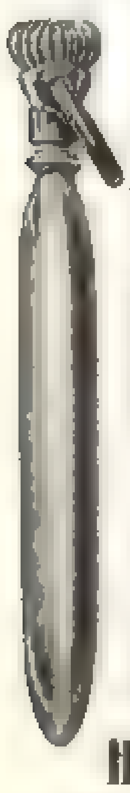

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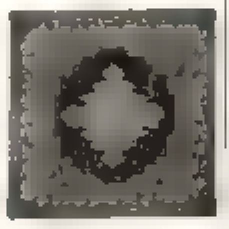

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sky itself, as we turned up the middle fork of Owl Creek: magpies, that I had always liked to watch and listen to, had become part of the general increasing menace, and their cries sounded no longer cheerful, but unearthly.

I rode up the narrowing cañon of Owl Creek a prey to such mental ill-ease, such distaste for continuing my sheep-hunt here, that shame alone prevented my giving it up and getting into another country out of sight and far away from these Washakie Needles, these twin spires of naked rock that rose in front of us now, high above the clustered mountain-tops, closing the cañon in, shutting the setting sun away.

"He *can* talk when he wants to." This was Scipio, riding behind me.

"What has Timberline been telling you?"

"Nothing. But he's telling himself a heap of something." In the rear of our single-file party Timberline rode, and I could hear him. It was a relief to have a practical trouble threatening us; if the boy was going off his head we should have something real to deal with. But when I had chosen a camp and we were unsaddling and throwing the packs on the ground, Timberline was in his customary silence. After supper I walked off with Scipio where our horses were.

"Do you think he's sick?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Scipio. And that was all we said, for we liked the subject too little to pursue it.

Next morning I was over at the creek washing before breakfast. The sun was coming in through the open east end of our cañon, the shaking leaves of the quaking-asp twinkled in a blithe air, and a night's sleep had brought me back to a much robuster mood. I had my field-glasses with me, and far up, far up among patches of snow and green grass, I could see sheep on both sides of the valley.

"So you slept well?" said Scipio.

"Like a log. You?"

"Like another. Somebody in camp didn't."

I turned and looked at Timberline cooking over at camp.

"Looking for the horses this morning," pursued Scipio, "I found his tracks, up and down, all over everywheres."

"Perhaps he has found the reward."

Scipio laughed and I laughed. It was the only thing to do about something so unpleasant.

"I think I'll take him with us," I then said. "I'd rather have him with us."

During breakfast we discussed which hill we should ascend, and this decided on I was about to tell Timberline his company was expected, when he saved me the trouble by requesting to be allowed to go himself.

That was the thirtieth of August; a quarter of a century and more has passed; my age is double what it was, but to-day, on any thirtieth of August, if I think of the date, the Washakie Needles stand in my eyes—twin spires of naked rock—and I see what happened there.

The three of us left camp. It was warm summer in the valley by the streaming channel of our creek, and the quiet day smelled of the pines. We should not have taken horses; they served us little in such a climb as that. On the level top our legs and breathing got relief, and far away up the next valley were sheep. This second top we reached, but they were gone to the next beyond, where we saw them across a mile or so of space.

We made a new descent and ascent, but had no luck, and by three o'clock we stood upon a lofty, wet, slippery ledge that fell away on three sides, sheer or broken, to the summer and the warmth thousands of feet below. Here it began to be very cold, and to the west the sky now clotted into advancing lumps of thick thunder-cloud, black, weaving and merging heavily and swiftly in a fierce rising wind. We got away from this promontory to follow a sheep trail, and as we went along the backbone of the mountain, two or three valleys off to the right long black streamers let down from the cloud. They hung and wavered mistily close over the pines that did not grow within a thousand feet of our high level. I gazed hard at the streamers and discerned water, or something, pouring down in them. Above our heads the day was still serene, and we had a chance to make camp without a wetting.

"No! no!" said Timberline hoarsely. "See there! We can get them. We're above them. They don't see us!"

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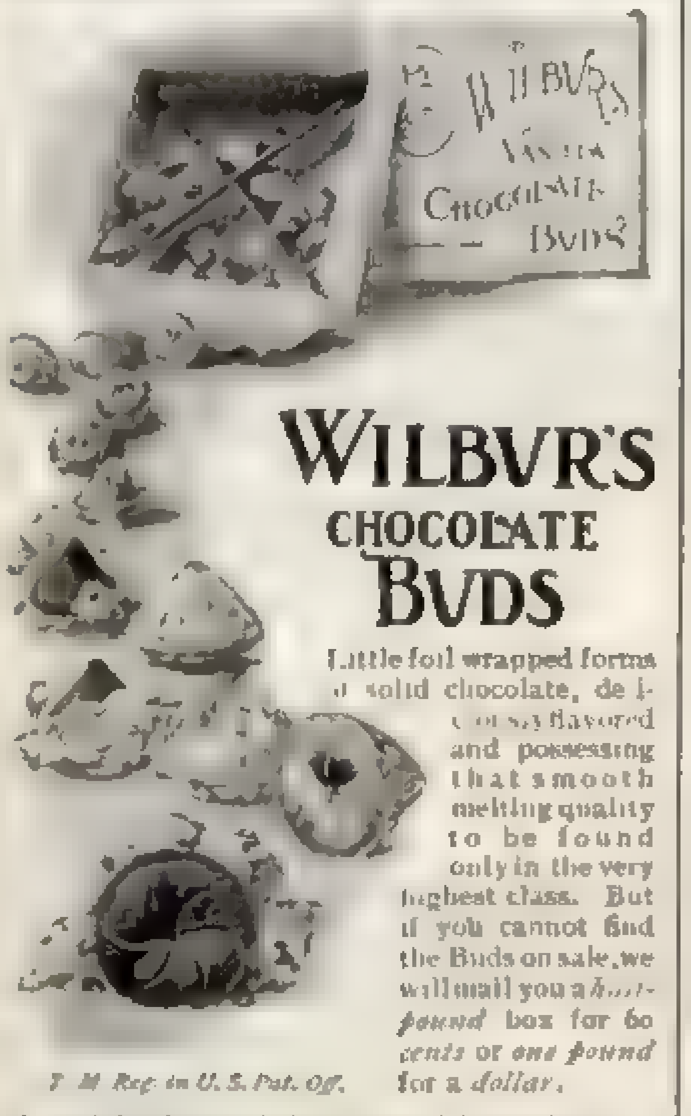

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I saw no sheep where he pointed, but he insisted they had merely moved behind a point, and so we went on. The strip of clear sky narrowed, and gray bars of rain were falling between us and the pieces of woodland that, but a moment since, had been unblurred. Blasts of frozen wind rose about us, causing me to put on my rubber coat before my fingers should grow too numb to button it. We moved forward to a junction of the knife-ridges upon which a second storm was hastening from the southwest over deep valleys that we turned our backs on to creep near the Great Washakie Needle.

Below us there was a new valley like the bottom of a caldron; on the far side of the caldron the air, like a stroke of magic, became thick white, and through it leaped the first lightning, a blinding violet. A sheet of the storm crossed over to us, the caldron sank from sight in its white sea, and the hail cut my face, so I bowed it down. On the ground I saw what looked like a tangle of old footprints in the hard-crusted mud. These the pellets of the swarming hail soon filled. This tempest of flying ice struck my body, my horse, raced over the ground like spray on the crest of breaking waves, and drove me to dismount and sit over the horse, huddled together even as he was huddled against the fury and the biting pain of the hail.

From under the horse's belly I looked out upon a chaos of shooting, hissing white, through which, in every direction, lightning flashed and leaped, while the fearful crashes behind the curtain of the hail sounded as if I should see a destroyed world when the curtain lifted. The place was so flooded with electricity that I gave up the shelter of my horse, and left my rifle on the ground, and moved away from the vicinity of these points of attraction.

So I sat—I know not how long—chilled from spine to brisket, my stiff boots growing wet, my discarded gloves a pulp, like my hat, and melted hail trickling from the rubber coat to my legs. At length the hailstones fell more gently, the near view opened, revealing white winter on all save the steep, gray Needles; the thick, white curtain of hail departed slowly, the hail where I was fell more scantily still.

Something somewhere near my head set up a delicate sound. It seemed in my hat. I rose and began to wander, bewildered by this. The hail was now falling very fine and gentle, when suddenly I was aware of its stinging me behind my ear more sharply than it had done before. I turned my face in its direction and found its blows harmless, while the stinging in my ear grew sharper. The hissing continued close to my head wherever I walked. It resembled the little watery escape of gas from a charged bottle whose cork is being slowly drawn.

I was now more really disturbed than I had been during the storm's worst, and meeting Scipio, who was also wandering, I asked if he felt anything. He nodded uneasily, when, suddenly—I know not why—I snatched my hat off. The hissing was in the brim, and it died out as I looked at the leather binding and the stitches. I expected to see some insect there, or some visible reason for the noise. I saw nothing, but the pricking behind my ear had also stopped. Then I knew my wet hat had been charged like a Leyden jar with electricity. Scipio, who had watched me, jerked his hat off also. "Lights on steer horns are nothing to this," I began, when he cut me short with an exclamation.

Timberline, on his knees, with a frightful countenance, was tearing off his clothes. He had felt the prickling, but it caused him thoughts different from mine.

"Leave me go!" he screamed. "I didn't push you over! He made me push you. I never knowed his game. I was only the cook. I wish't I'd followed you. There! There! Take it back! There's your money! I never spent a cent of it!"

And from those rags he had cherished he tore the bills that had been sewed in them. But this confession seemed not to stop the stinging. He rose, stared wildly, and, screaming wildly, "You've got it all!" plunged into the caldron from our sight. The fluttered money—some of the victim's, hush-money hapless Timberline had accepted from the murderer—was only five ten-dollar bills; but it had been enough load of guilt to draw him to the spot of the crime.

We found the two bodies, the old and the new, and buried them both. But the true murderer was not caught, and no one ever claimed the reward.

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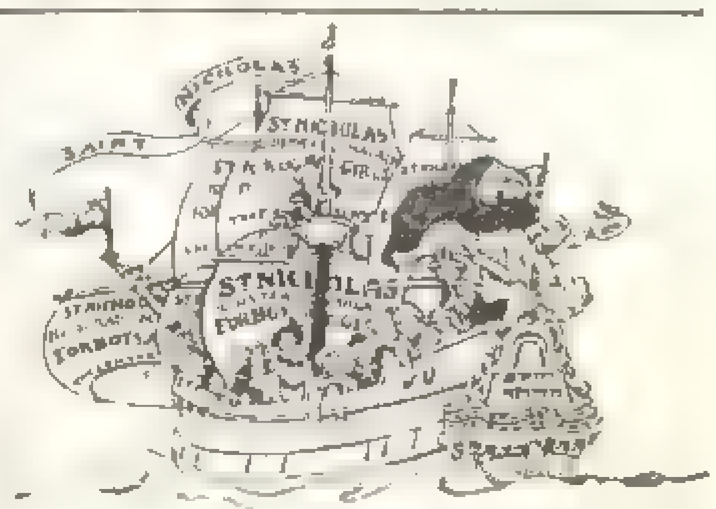

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THE PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 13

"Go tell him to pull out of that," he instructed Jimmy Powers. "The confounded old fool ought to know better than that. Tell him it's dangerous. If the jam goes out it'll carry him to Kingdom Come."

Jimmy Powers returned red-faced from his interview.

"He told me to go to blazes," he said shortly.

"Oh, he did," snapped Orde. "I should think we had enough without that old idiot!"

With the short, nervous leaps of a suppressed anger he ran down to where the Sprite had just towed the No. 1 driver into a new position.

"Lay me alongside the Lucy Belle," he told Marsh.

But Simpson, in a position of importance at last, was disinclined to listen. He had worn his blue clothes and brass buttons for a good many years in charge only of boxes and barrels. Now, at a stroke, he found himself commander over tenscore people. Likewise, at fifty cents a head, he foresaw a good thing as long as high water should last. He had risen nobly to the occasion; for he had even hoisted his bunting and brought with him the local brass band. Orde, brusque in his desire to hurry through an affair of minor importance, rubbed the man the wrong way.

"I reckon I've some rights on this river," Captain Simpson concluded the argument, "and I ain't a-goin' to be bulldozed out of them."

The excursionists, typical "trippers" from Redding, Holland, Monrovia and Muskegon, cheered this sentiment and jeered at Orde.

Orde nodded briefly. "Marsh," said he to his captain in a low voice, "get a crew and take them in charge. Run 'em off."

As soon as the tug touched the piling he was off and away, paying no further attention to a matter already settled. Captain Marsh called a dozen rivermen to him, laid the Sprite alongside the Lucy Belle, and in spite of Simpson's scandalized protests and an incipient panic among the passengers, thrust aside the regular crew of the steamship and took charge.

Leisurely he surveyed the scene.

His eye swept rapidly up and down where the banks used to be until he saw a cross current deeper than the rest sweeping in athwart the inundated fields. He swung over the wheel and rang to the engine-room for full speed ahead. Slowly the Lucy Belle answered. Quite calmly Captain Marsh rammed her through the opening and fetched her hard aground in about a foot of water through which a few dried cornstalks were showing their heads. Then, his hands in his pockets, he sauntered out of the pilot-house to the deck.

"Now, if you want to picnic," he told the astonished and frightened excursionists, "go ahead to it!"

With entire indifference to the water he vaulted over the low rail and splashed away. The rivermen and the engineer who had accompanied him lingered only long enough to start up the band.

"Now you're safe as a cow tied to a brick wall," said the Rough Red, whose appearance alone had gone far toward overawing the passengers. "Be joyful. Start up the music. Start her up, I tell you!"

The band hastily began to squawk, very much out of time and somewhat out of tune.

"That's right," grinned the Rough Red savagely. "Keep her up. If you quit before I get back to work I'll come back and take you apart."

They waded through the shallow water in the cornfield. After them wafted the rather disorganized strains of "Whoa, Emma!"

Arrived at the booms Captain Marsh shook the loose water from his legs.

"All right, sir," he reported to Orde. "I ran 'em ashore yonder."

Orde looked up, brushing the hair from his eyes. He glanced in the direction of the cornfield, and a quick grin flickered across the absorbed expression of his face.

"I should think you did," said he briefly. "I guess that'll end the excursion business. Now take No. 2 up below the swing, and then run down and see if you can discover Tom. He went somewhere after piles about an hour ago."

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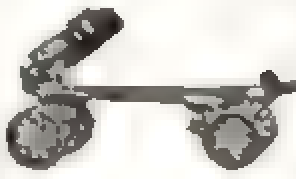

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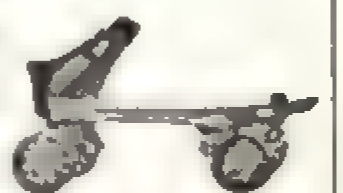

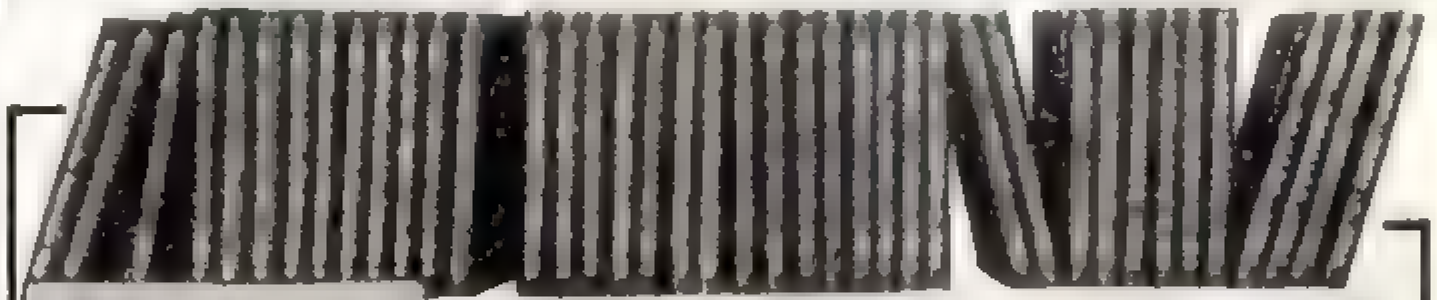

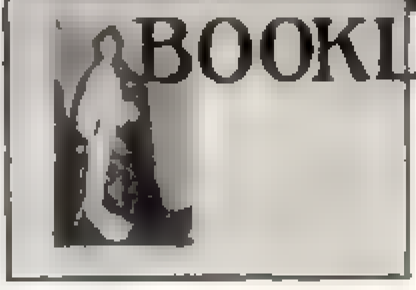

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Position

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh, it has the *power*, all right enough," replied the truculent Timmins.

"Then I submit, with all due respect, that, in asking you to exercise this power, I am not requesting you to break the law."

"He's got you there, Timmins," said Mr. Grice, one of the farmers, with a laugh.

"What is it you propose, Lord Stranleigh?" asked Mr. Bennett, the other farmer, leaning forward.

"I propose, sir, to submit to you the plans of my cottages, which should have been placed before you at the beginning. When you examine them I shall be pleased to carry out any alterations you suggest."

"Well, I must say that seems a fair and reasonable proposition," said Mr. Bennett, looking toward the chairman.

"I agree with you, Bennett," put in Farmer Grice.

"May I say a word, Mr. Chairman?" put in a sallow, discontented-looking, middle-aged man, who would have been the handsomer for a shave and a haircut.

"Certainly, Mr. Cloisters," nodded the chairman.

"I beg to inform Lord Stranleigh that I am an architect by profession, and have been appointed surveyor for this district. If the Council decides to receive the plans at this late day, these plans will come before me for judgment. I am well aware that Mr. Binns is a celebrated architect. Whether he is a good one or not I leave for others to say. Probably he is the right kind of man to draw plans for buildings in London, Manchester, or other large cities, but I have no hesitation in stating that the cottages which have been erected in this neighborhood are entirely unsuitable for their alleged purpose. They are provided with bathrooms, hot and cold water, and other luxuries that our laborers have not been accustomed to. These cottages will breed discontent and lead to extravagance. Their erection will make it harder for other landowners who are not in the fortunate position of Lord Stranleigh, so far as wealth is concerned, and cannot afford to put up cottages for their laborers at a rent those laborers can pay. Lord Stranleigh may be willing to forego interest on his investment, but other landowners are not in a position to be so generous. The inevitable result will be dissatisfaction among the laborers in every part of the district except that portion which Lord Stranleigh owns. For the reasons I have stated I should have condemned those plans if they had been submitted to me at the first, and I shall condemn them now."

"What, without seeing them?" asked Stranleigh.

"I don't need to see them," replied the architect with some indignation. "I saw your buildings from the foundations until the roofs were on, and while they would answer very well for suburban villas, they are absurd as laborers' cottages."

"If you examined them, Mr. Cloisters, from the foundations upward, would it not have been a neighborly act to drop me a note and call attention to the fact that these plans had not been submitted to you?"

"That had nothing to do with me."

"Oh, I'm not complaining, Mr. Cloisters. I am merely suggesting."

"It's not my business to prevent you from breaking the law, Lord Stranleigh."

"True, true, Mr. Cloisters, and I have already apologized for this lapse, which, after all, was not my own doing."

"A prisoner in the dock of the New Bailey, my lord, may apologize, but his trial goes on just the same," said Mr. Timmins, the lawyer.

"Do you suggest that I am a prisoner in the dock, Mr. Timmins?"

"I don't suggest anything. I say you are a lawbreaker."

"Merely technically, Mr. Timmins. I have been, perhaps, a little too anxious to improve your neighborhood, but I should like to point out that I am the largest taxpayer in your district; that these cottages were built with local material and by local labor, and really, in asking you to strain a point in my favor, I do not think I am overstepping the limits which a beggar should not cross."

"Your agent has made much of the local material and local labor argument, also the taxpaying duties which your lordship performs. This, I respectfully submit, is merely one form of coercion. To put the matter in a nutshell: if Bill Stiles built an outhouse without submitting his plans to the Council, he would promptly be made to tear it down again. I fail to see why the Council should be asked to make any distinction between Stiles and Stranleigh. This matter was threshed out when the defendant was a much more important person than Lord Stranleigh. I refer to the action of a District Council in Sussex, which compelled his lordship, Mr. Justice Grantham, Judge of the King's Bench Division, to tear down the cottages he had erected without the authorization of the District Council."

"Oh, well," laughed Stranleigh, "if I am in the same box as one of his Majesty's judges, I could not ask better company. Mr. Chairman and members of the Council, I thank you very much for hearing me so patiently as you have done. My offense appears to be more heinous than I had at first considered it, but I should like to know what your final decision is. If you should see a loophole through which a hardened but repentant criminal might escape, I should be obliged if you pointed it out. If not, I shall await the result of your vote, and, of course, like any other malefactor, I must abide by the verdict."

"I move," said Mr. Bennett, "that this Council accepts the cottages as they stand."

"I second the motion," responded Grice.

"I move an amendment," proclaimed Timmins, "which is that this Council abide by the law, and require Lord Stranleigh to remove the unauthorized cottages before this day six months."

"I second the amendment," said William Cloisters.

The amendment was carried with only two dissenting voices. When the chairman announced the result of the vote, Lord Stranleigh again bowed to the assemblage, thanked them once more, bade them good-day, and withdrew. The Council was triumphant, but somehow, as they saw the back of his lordship disappear, a feeling of uneasiness gradually overspread the congregation. The two farmers got up with something that sounded ominously like an oath, and followed the young man out.

"They are tenants of his," said the lawyer with sneering contempt, "and they want to stand in with him."

There was a laugh in the body of the hall, and the chairman looked indignantly in that direction. Quite a respectable audience had gathered in the space reserved for the public, drawn by curiosity to hear what Lord Stranleigh would say. The laugh came from Robert Smythe, the unsuccessful rival to Hiram Greenleaves, who had a practical monopoly of the grocery trade. Smythe's customers were mostly the farm laborers and poor people of the town, and, being an outspoken man, he did not conceal his sympathy with them in his condemnation of the majority of the Council.

"What are you pleased to laugh at, Mr. Smythe?" asked the chairman icily.

"I was laughing when Timmins said that Bennett and Grice were tenants of Lord Stranleigh. Why, you wiseheads, you're all tenants of Lord Stranleigh: at least, all that live on my side and your side of the street, Greenleaves."

"I have a lease; he can't hurt me," said the chairman, but, nevertheless, he got a little green about the gills, as he remembered that a landlord has still almost unlimited power in Britain. And so the Council adjourned, not quite so satisfied with its triumphs as it had expected.

The two farmers overtook Lord Stranleigh, and he shook hands with them.

"We're tenants of yours," said Bennett, "but that isn't the reason we voted for you. This thing is simply a piece of local jealousy. This is the cliquiest town in all England."

"Oh, every town is that, Mr. Bennett," said Stranleigh.

"Why, you see, my lord, if you'd given those cottages to Cloisters you'd never have heard of the plans not being submitted."

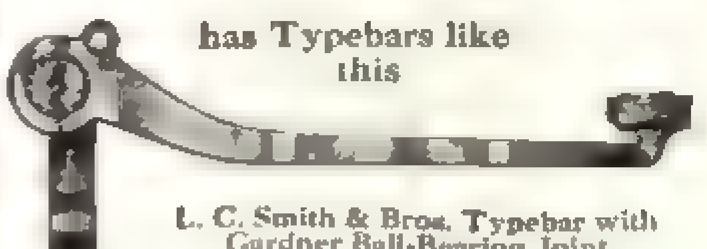
"Alas! I was so unfortunate as not to know anything about Mr. Cloisters."

"You are surely not going to let it rest here, are you, sir? You'll appeal?"

"I don't exactly know at the moment what I shall do, except that I may spend ten or twelve minutes thinking about it."

"Have you got a lawyer, Lord Stranleigh?"

"Yes, I employ nearly a dozen of them; but if one of his Majesty's judges couldn't



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prevail against this sort of thing how can I hope to win?"

"Now, if I were you, my lord," said Bennett, very confidentially, "I'd look in on Jacob Sneerly."

"Who is he?"

"He's the other lawyer of this place, and the most unpopular man in the village. He tried to get on the District Council, but Paul Timmins is a popular man, and Sneerly, who has ten times his brain and knowledge of the law, got hardly a score of votes."

"Why is Sneerly so disliked?"

"Oh, he's an outspoken ruffian. He was born disagreeable, yet I believe him to be an honest, good-hearted man, although I've never had any very civil words from him. I've always given him whatever law business I've had to do. I like to keep clear of the law."

"So do I," said Stranleigh. "I'm a peacemaker and believe in the soft answer. Now, gentlemen, I'm stopping at the Stranleigh Arms. I want you to lunch with me."

"Oh, we're just going home, and dinner will be ready when we get there."

"Never mind that. You're lunching with me."

Lord Stranleigh was thoroughly enjoying his visit, in spite of the fact that his mission to Muddlebury had been such a complete fiasco. The two farmers proved to be big-hearted, bright-natured men, so extremely partisan that Stranleigh felt as though he were leading a little forlorn hope. Indeed, as the three walked together up the High Street of the little town, Muddlebury was rapidly dividing itself into two factions, and very early in the game it was shown that the Council, though supreme in the Town Hall, was at a discount among the populace. The rumor had gone abroad that the great and wealthy Lord Stranleigh had actually spent a night in their town, that the huge red automobile was his, that the haughty, disdainful chauffeur, who mixed not with ordinary folk and answered no man who inquired about horse power, was merely Lord Stranleigh's servant. Up to this morning the Earl of Stranleigh had been simply a name and a legend. The youth of the village imagined him a giant ten feet high, with a fierce and frowning countenance, and now here he was, walking up their main street, a really nice-looking young fellow, affable and agreeable, not nearly so high and mighty as his own chauffeur, laughing and chatting with two farmers as the trio slowly made their way to the inn. So slowly did they walk that the members of the Council for the most part passed them by. Greenleaves, the grocer, had gone bustling up the street, swelling with importance, as a man whose every minute was of moment, as Stranleigh remarked, when the stout tradesman puffed past.

A little way up the street stood one of the doomed buildings, just completed. Although quite new, there was nothing raw in its appearance, and so excellent and in keeping with the ancient place was its architecture that it already nestled beautifully into its place as if it had always been there. In front of it was gathered quite a considerable crowd, whose imagination had been stirred by its coming destruction, for to the simple minds of the villagers the action of the Council was final, against which there could be no appeal even by so powerful a man as Lord Stranleigh. Yet law or no law, the public mind was against such wanton destruction. They saw, in their mind's eye, the members of the Council with their coats off, armed with pick-axe, crowbar and spade, attacking this perfect little building of greenish stone, red brick and old tiles, and they were not pleased. This little mob surrounded the important grocer and arrested his progress toward his shop. The trio saw him explaining and expostulating, but they could not hear what he said. He glanced at the house and glanced at the indignant mob and glanced with apprehension at the approaching Lord Stranleigh, with his two partisans.

As they passed the assembly in front of the new house they heard the perturbed grocer say:

"*We're* not going to touch it, *we're* not going to pull it down. It's Lord Stranleigh himself who'll do that, because he didn't abide by the law. 'Tain't us as is to blame; it's the law. We be merely carrying out the law, and it's to the Houses of Parliament you should go, if you want the law amended. We be powerless in face of the law."

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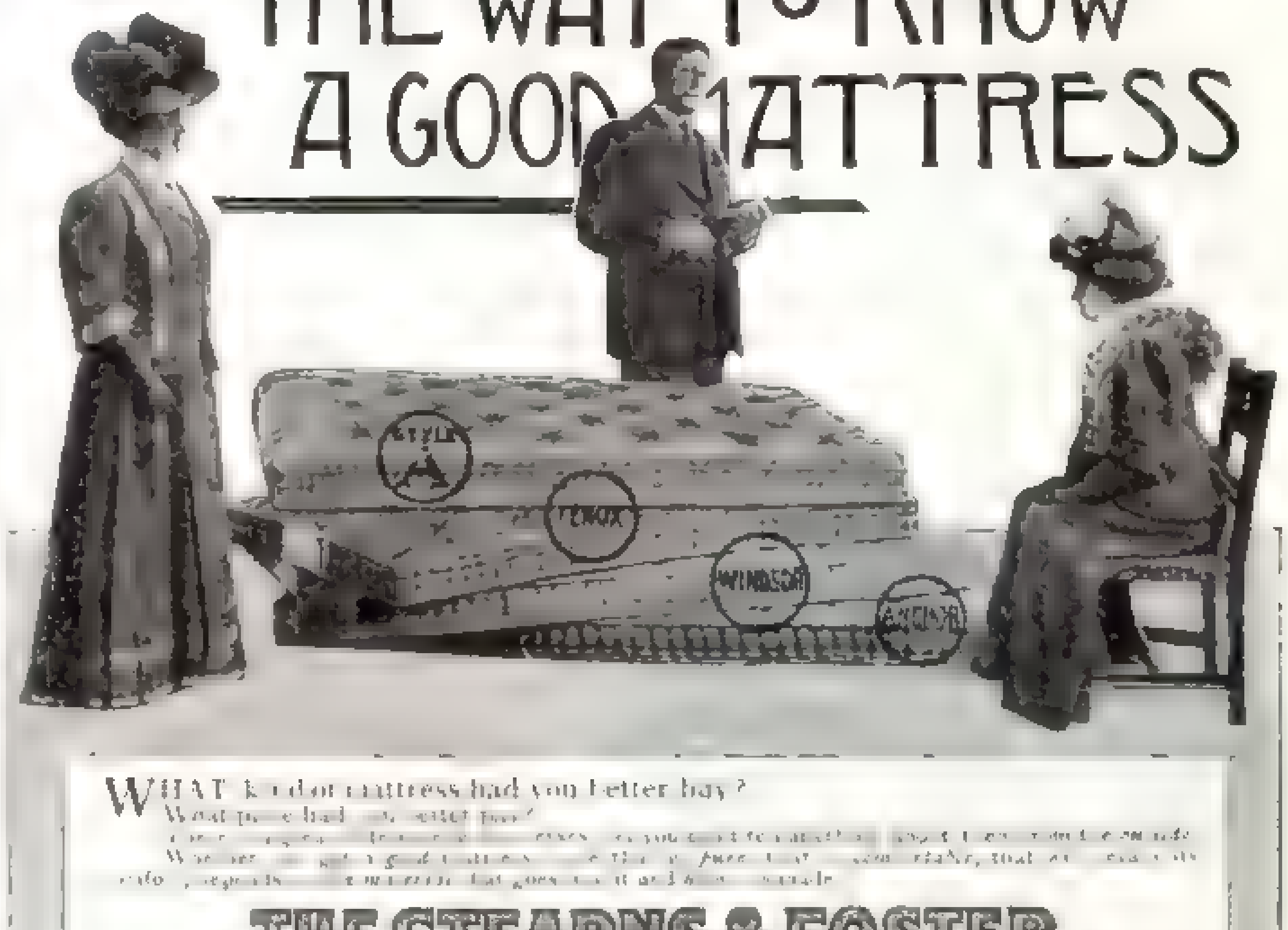

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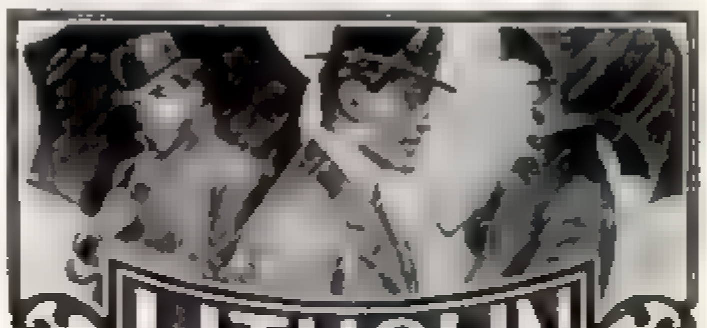

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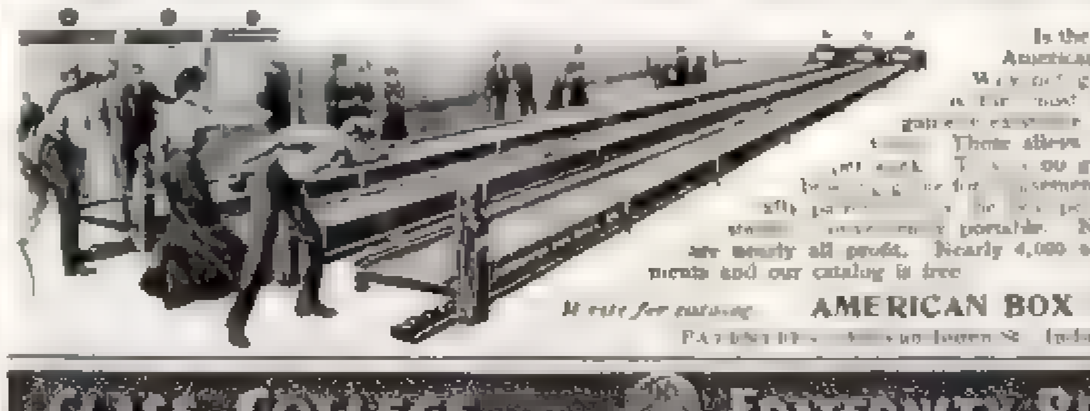

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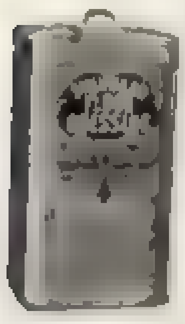

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"What a law-abiding place Muddlebury is!" commented Stranleigh.

"Now, there's the humbug of it all," said Bennett. "You see that ugly office building three doors up the street? That was built and architected by Cloisters for Timmins, the lawyer. Timmins of late is getting proud because he's making so much money, doing practically all the legal business of the town and surrounding country, because, as I said, old Sneerly hasn't a good word for anybody. Timmins had a long lease on the ground on which the old building stood, so he pulled it down and had Cloisters architect that one about two years ago. I don't remember that either Timmins or Cloisters showed up the plans."

"Oh, well," protested Grice, "Cloisters being the surveyor, he'd only need to show the plans to himself, and Timmins, being the secretary, he'd put it down in the book."

"I don't believe," objected Bennett, "that that is the law. Cloisters reports, of course, and he reports to the District Council, and we may accept or reject his report, and then the chairman would sign it. There's a clique runs the Council just as it does everything else in this town. Greenleaves, Timmins and Cloisters do what they please."

"That's very interesting," said Stranleigh, "and it suggests a line of action to me. I must make some inquiries into the matter."

"Well, you set old lawyer Sneerly on the scent, and you'll see some fun. He'd like nothing better than to get his knife into that gang, and would have done it on his own before this, only he's got no money."

The three enjoyed lunch together, then the two farmers rode off in company to their homes. Stranleigh, a good cigar in his mouth, strolled along the main street toward the west end of the town, a portion of the place that was new to him. Women that he met courtesied to him in the old-fashioned way, and men took off their caps, salutations which the young man returned affably, beginning to realize that, in spite of what had happened, he was, nevertheless, the chief frog in this particular puddle.

At the western limit of the village he came to a standstill and viewed with admiration a fine old manor-house, standing far back from the street in its own well-timbered grounds.

"By Jove," he said, "Tudor, of the best period, and a fine example. I wonder I've never seen a picture of this place now that they are photographing everything. H-m-m, I must visit it, if they permit tourists to look over the mansion."

Retracing his steps Stranleigh threw away the stump of his cigar and walked with head bent down, meditating upon the situation. "This is a funny world!" he cried aloud, forgetting he was walking High Street.

"Do you think so?" said a rasping voice that awoke him from his reverie.

He looked up. On the steps before an office stood a man with the most forbidding face he had ever seen. It was a strong, harsh countenance, seamed in deep lines by discontent, envy, anger, truculence, and also some lines drawn by the shrunken fingers of anxiety and fear; yet no lack of courage under it all, even bravado, so Stranleigh summed him up.

On the white, opaque glass of the office before which he stood were painted in black letters the words: "Jacob Sneerly, Solicitor," and then, in smaller letters in the corner, "Commissioner for Oaths." The name brought to his mind the advice of the farmer, and without answering the question of the man on the step he asked one himself:

"Is Mr. Sneerly in?"

"No, he isn't."

"When will he return?"

"I'm not here to answer any fool who questions me: my time's valuable."

"How much is it worth?"

"Five shillings an hour."

Stranleigh put his hand in his trousers pocket and drew out a golden sovereign, and presented it to the rude individual before him.

"I own your time for four hours. When shall I find Mr. Sneerly in his office?"

"As soon as I turn my back on the street and enter this doorway."

"Then you are Mr. Sneerly?"

"I've never denied it."

"I need some advice."

"Most people do. Come inside."

They entered a bare office, which made no attempt to look prosperous. There were no bogus files of documents upon the

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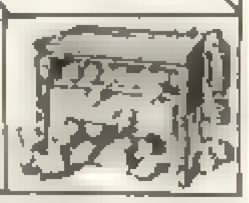

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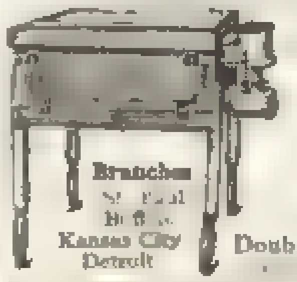

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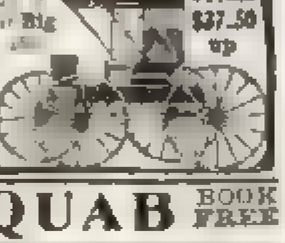

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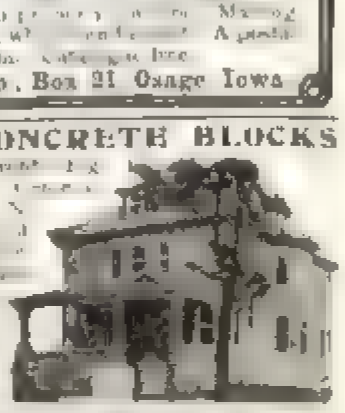

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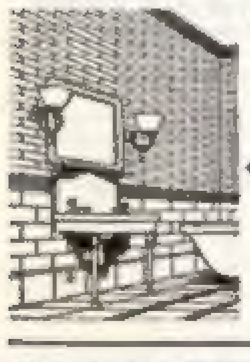

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table. It was palpably the workshop of a lawyer who had very little business to do, and it made no pretense of being anything else.

"Sit down," said the lawyer, offering him one of the two chairs in the room, and when Stranleigh had done so Sneerly seated himself on the other chair, drawing it up to the table.

"What's your name?" he asked gruffly.

Stranleigh smiled. "I have paid for the privilege of asking questions myself," he said gently.

"I conduct my business in my own way," snapped the lawyer.

"So do I." Stranleigh beamed upon him with the utmost good-nature, which seemed to exasperate the man, who flung the sovereign down on the table.

"Take back your money," he roared, "and get out of this office. I refuse to speak with a man who dare not give his name. Come, get through that door."

Stranleigh laughed aloud.

"The farmer was right," he said at length. "You are a beast."

"What farmer said that?"

"Any farmer who knows you will say it. I am a farmer. I raise the best pigs in England. I know the nature of pigs, and they are gentlemen compared with you. Now, you can fling down your money as you like. It doesn't belong to me. It's yours. What does belong to me, however, is four hours of your time, and at the present moment you are wasting my property."

The solicitor stared at him for a few moments in speechless wrath, then he said more calmly:

"That's true. You're in the right. On what subject did you wish advice?"

"I'll tell you by and by. We have lots of time. In the first place, my name is Stranleigh."

"Well, Lord Stranleigh, you've butted your head against the District Council. You're quite in the wrong. What did you wish advice about?"

"I am interested in Grocer Greenleaves' barrels and boxes that are outside his premises on the pavement."

"What is that you say?" cried the amazed lawyer.

"Isn't my statement perfectly clear? I wish to know if the excellent Greenleaves has the right to take up, for his own private purposes, space intended for the public."

"Oh, I see. Certainly he hasn't."

"Then enter a suit for damages against him."

"O-ho!" cried the lawyer, drawing a pad of paper toward him, and dipping a pen in the ink. "I think it isn't advice you want, but commands you are going to give."

"Perhaps. You will serve the writ, we will say, to-day. If to-morrow the boxes and barrels are still there, in defiance of the law, bring another suit against him, and thus issue writ after writ until he clears the public space in front of his windows. Bring thirty actions at law against him if necessary, and remember to demur, and subpœna, and injunct, and every other accursed thing your villainous profession can do to make the suit as expensive as possible, both for myself and Greenleaves, and be assured I don't care the toss of a copper whether I win or lose."

As the solicitor noted down particulars on his pad he had placed an old pair of spectacles on his nose, which somehow added to the hideousness of his countenance. He now looked over these glasses across the table at the young man seated imperturbably before him. A grim and sinister smile added to the repulsiveness of his features.

"I'm glad to have met you," he said.

"Thanks: the same to you. So much for Mr. Greenleaves. Now place another name on your pad: name of Timmins."

"Ah-h-h-h!" ejaculated the lawyer, as he wrote it.

"I have reason to believe that when he erected his new offices on my ground he neglected to place the plans before the District Council."

"That was Cloisters' business, you know," interrupted the solicitor.

"Quite so; but understand that, in these legal contests in which you are to be my general, I care nothing about right or wrong, or win or lose. Through the injustice of a cruel world, I can spend a thousand pounds to the hundred that any man in this village dare afford. I know I shall have to pay costs when I lose, but those costs you shall get taxed to the utmost, and there will be a good margin of loss to the other fellow, no matter which way the case goes.

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I also send **free** with each frame the patterns and complete illustrated instructions needed to finish the boat. **I can save you (1) boat-builder's profit, (2) labor expense, (3) big selling expense, (4) seven-eighths freight.** You can figure this out yourself.

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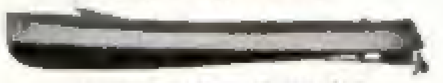

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$4 buys this chair (shown in cut) without cushion. Settee same style **$7.**

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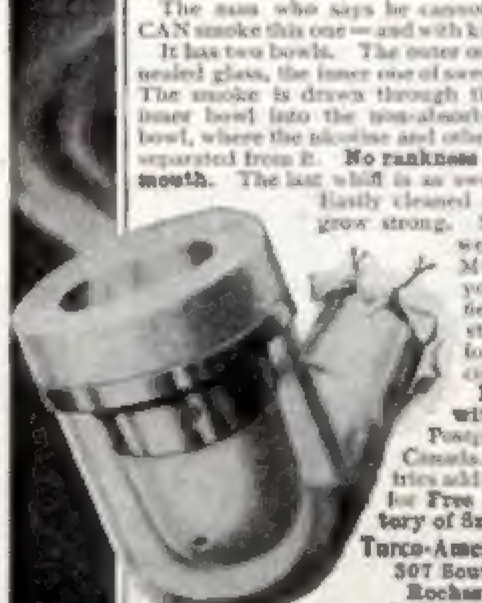

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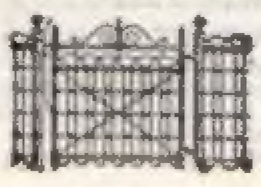

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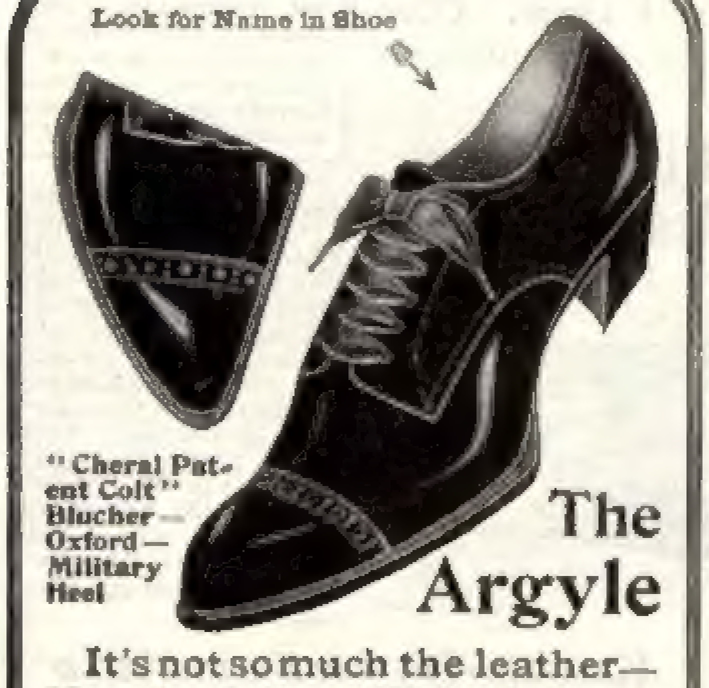
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When we win, of course, it is all the better. Take action against Timmins."

"Right you are!" cried the solicitor, with something almost like enthusiasm in his voice.

"Now we come to Cloisters. Take pains to discover the number of buildings Cloisters has been architect of. Find out if all of the plans have been submitted in proper form to the District Council. I am told this has not been the case, but, as I have said, it doesn't matter whether Cloisters is in the right or the wrong. Let's enjoy a few actions against him. I am determined to teach this town the lesson that the town has taught to me: namely, that everybody, high or low, must respect the law. Before you and I get through with Muddlebury, Mr. Sneerly, it will be the most law-abiding spot on the face of the earth."

The gloomy Sneerly actually laughed.

"Now, in a word, Mr. Sneerly, you will bring actions-at-law against every member of the District Council except Farmer Bennett and Farmer Grice."

"Ah, it was one of those two said I was a beast."

"Oh, no; I was the farmer who said you were a beast. Bring an action for slander against me if you like."

"But I warn you I'll prove it. It is but fair to tell you that you run a danger of being had up for malicious prosecution."

"Oh, we must just chance that. We'll fight them on that score as well as any other. By the way, who owns that lovely old manor-house in the west end?"

"Why, you do, of course."

"Do I?"

"Certainly. You own everything on the north side of the main street, you know."

"I didn't know. Is the manor-house furnished or unfurnished?"

"Oh, it's fully furnished, and has been let often, though it's vacant at the moment."

"Well, I think I'll come down here and live for a while, and learn respect for the law. The enjoyment of your own company is an additional attraction, even though it costs five shillings an hour. Do you know my property pretty well, Mr. Sneerly?"

"Every foot of it."

"You say your time is worth five shillings an hour. Counting three hundred and sixty-five days to the year, and ten hours to the day, just figure up how much that would be. I'm no hand at calculation."

"Nine hundred and twelve pounds, ten shillings."

"Then let us make it the even thousand pounds. I offer you the position of agent to my property at a salary of a thousand pounds a year. Whatever law business you do for me will be extra, of course."

Sneerly pulled the spectacles from his face and placed them on the table, pushed back his chair a foot or two, and glared at Stranleigh, and the young man was amazed to see something of softness smooth out a few lines in that granite face, while a touch of pathos made the corners of his thin lips quiver.

"Do you mean it?" gasped the lawyer.

"Of course I mean it."

The lawyer rose, plunged his hand in his trousers pocket, nervously counted out fifteen shillings in silver, and slid the coins in front of the astonished Stranleigh.

"There!" he cried. "There's your other three hours. I must go and tell the wife the good news. Poor woman! Never in all her life has she had quite money enough to keep her poverty-stricken home. All my fault. I'm a beast, I admit, but—but I've never been a beast to her."

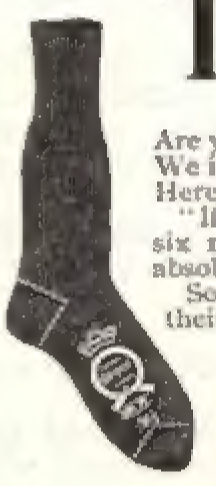
The man's harsh voice broke, but he said with a struggle:

"Come back in an hour. I'm not able to talk to you just now. Besides, I want to see my wife."

To the amazement of all Muddlebury, grim old Sneerly proved not only a just agent, but the kindest that the tenants had ever known. He had been through difficulties himself, and prosperity developed in him a sympathy for the difficulties of others.

Stranleigh's numerous lawsuits never went beyond the issuance of the writs. By an odd coincidence, at its next meeting, the District Council called for the plans of the cottages and ratified them, which shows that Sam Patch was quite right when he said: "Some things can be done as well as some others."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a new series of stories of the adventures of young Lord Stranleigh by Mr. Barr.



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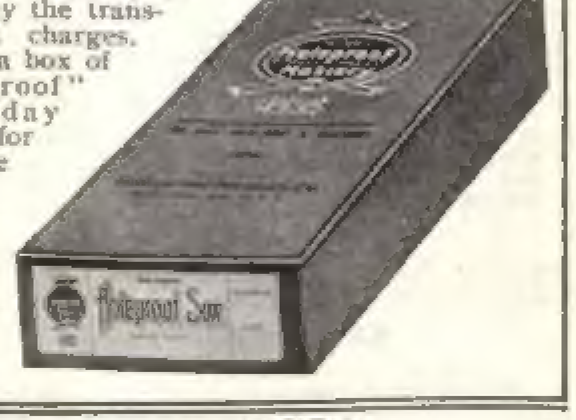

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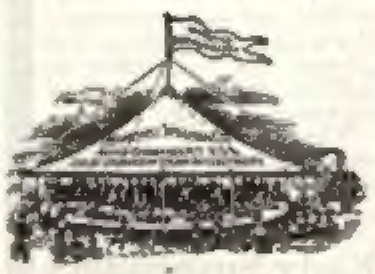

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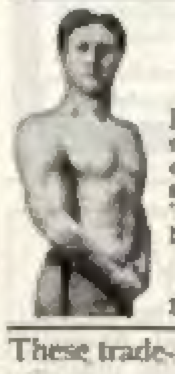

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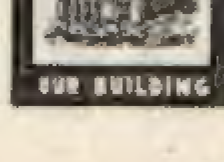

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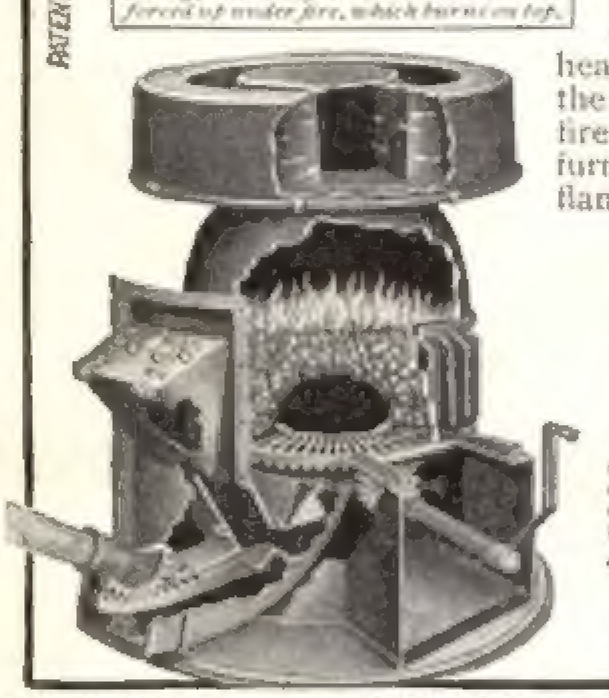
Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



The Underfeed assures more *clean, even heat* at a smaller outlay for coal than any other furnace ever made. *Cheapest* slack yields as much clean heat as *most expensive* anthracite. Fed from below, the Underfeed Twentieth-Century Way, with all the fire on top, smoke and ashes, wasted in other furnaces, cannot escape, but *must* pass thru the flame, are thus consumed and turned into heat units.

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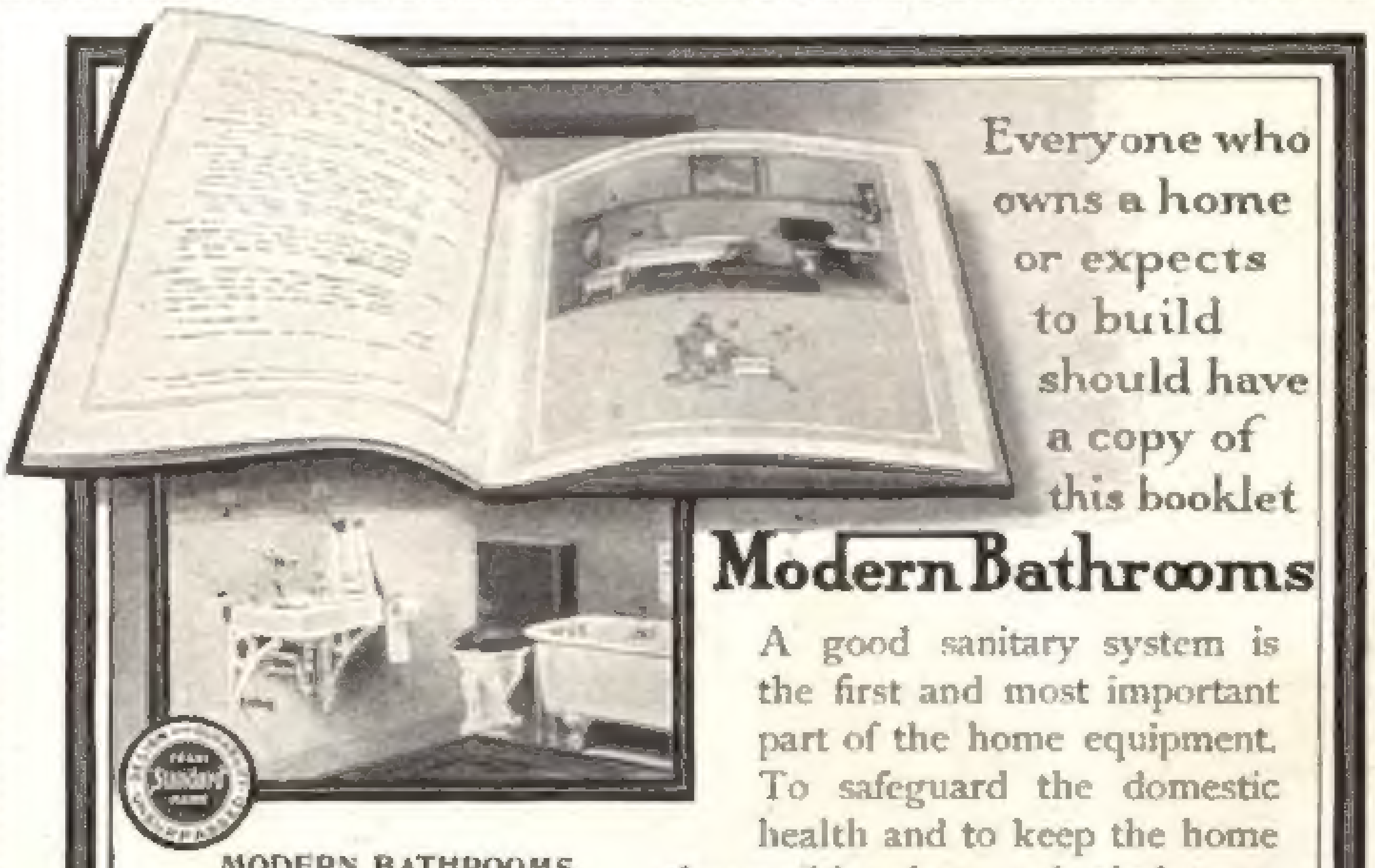

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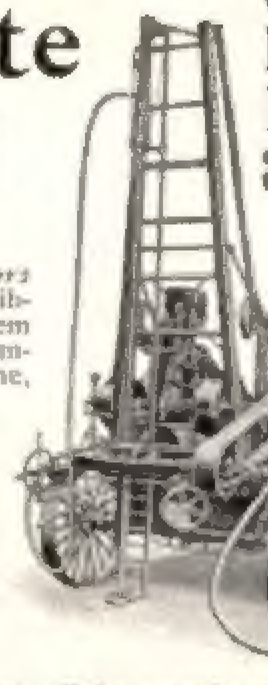

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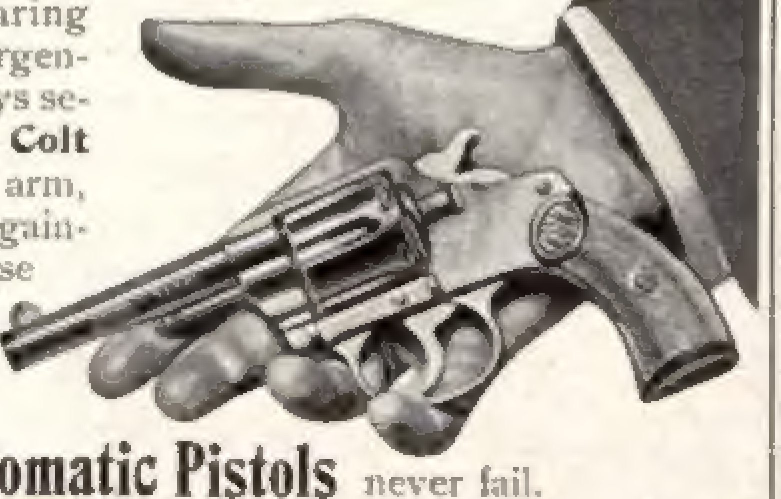

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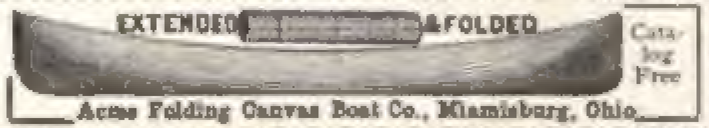

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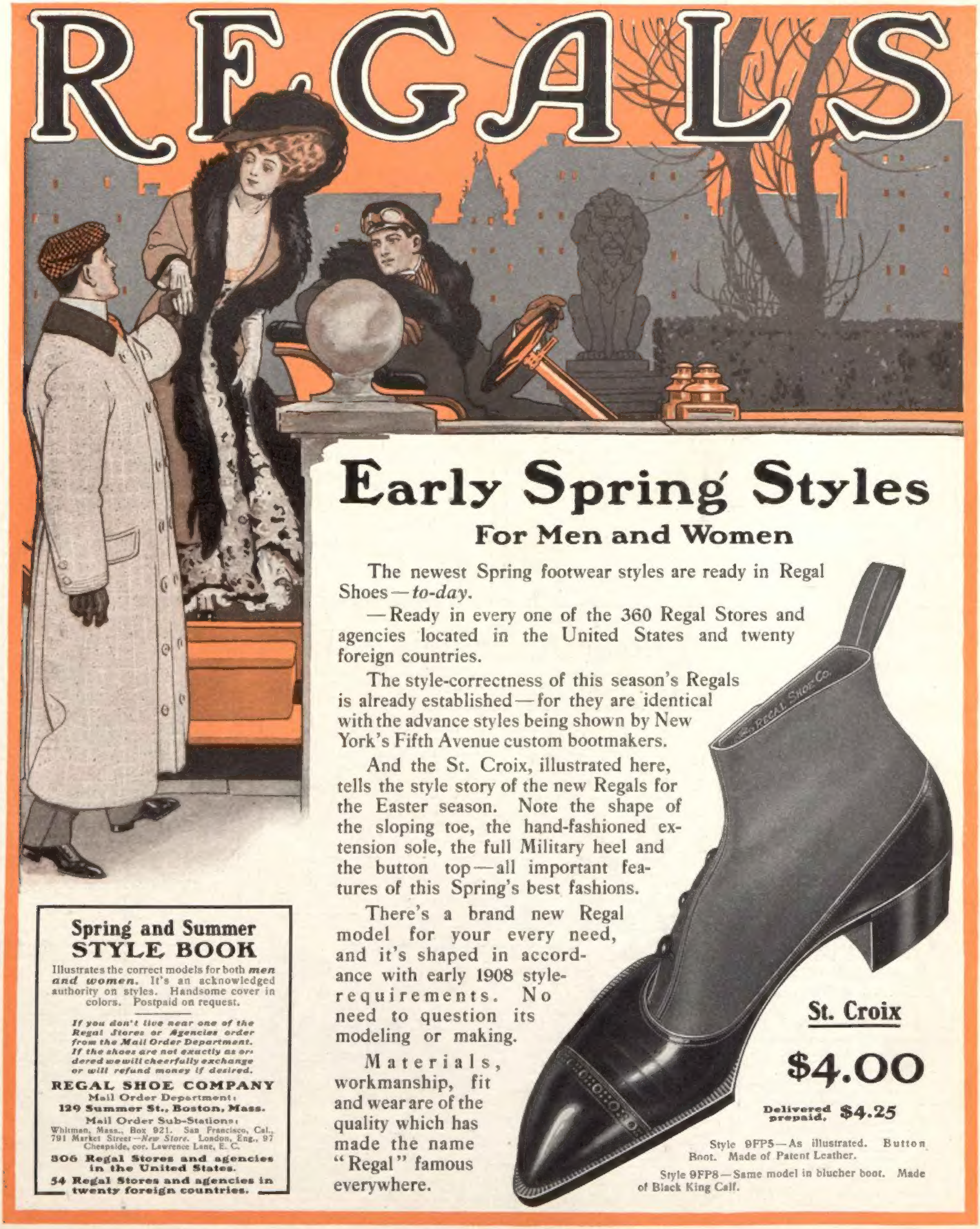
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